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# PUNCH

March  
10  
1954

PUNCH VOLUME 100



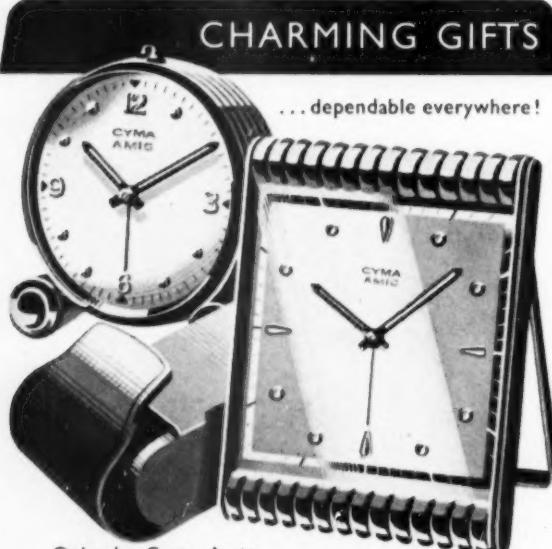
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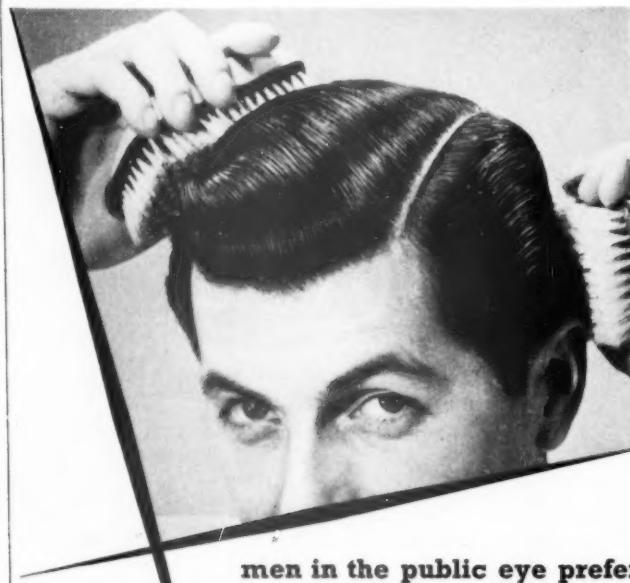
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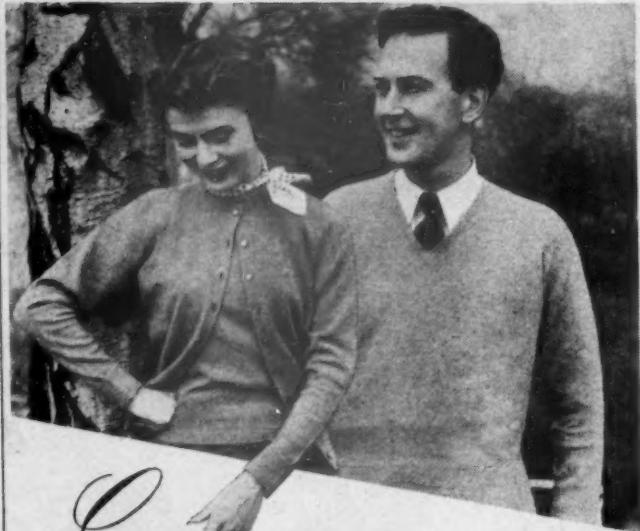


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How will the next few years profit you? They can be the most memorable of your life; and perhaps the most useful. By taking a Fleet Air Arm commission — as a pilot or observer — you share in the adventure and the responsibility of flying in the Royal Navy. Pay is good. Leave is generous. Your service will have been a worthwhile experience and an invaluable help towards your future career.

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**D**IOGENES lived in a barrel,  
No better abode did he ask;  
And there the old fellow  
Grew more and more mellow—  
Like CURTIS—maturing in cask!



Today, in the homes of old England,  
In the swagger hotels and the inns,  
The really discerning  
Are eagerly turning  
To CURTIS—THE SMOOTHEST OF GINS

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because it's matured in cask

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THERE IS A PROBLEM which confronts many people today — how to create a convenient modern flat from one floor of a large, old-fashioned terrace house. We handed this problem to Architects Alison and Peter Smithson, A./A.R.I.B.A., and asked them to solve it for us.

They chose a house with every one of the typical difficulties, deep narrow, high-ceilinged, with windows only at front and back. Their solution is triumphant. It involves no structural alterations. *It would not be possible without glass.*

Look first at the small sketch at bottom left, to get an idea of the scene before conversion: here you are standing by the window of one of the two long rooms which, end to end, formed the whole space available. Now switch to the larger sketch,

and pick up the thread.

Hard to believe it's the same place? It is—and seen from the same view-point. The living room now occupies the full length, but not much more than half the width, of one of the original rooms, and your eye carries you through the entrance hall, which is an extension of the living room, to the main bedroom and the window at the far end. On your right a child's bedroom, a kitchen and a bathroom have been created. Notice the false ceiling suspended over bathroom and entrance hall, to bring these small rooms to usable proportions. An air-extractor duct makes an internal kitchen and bathroom possible.

Where does the glass come in? Without glass

to allow light to penetrate right through the length of the flat, it would be dark and gloomy. With glass it comes to life. The light from the window in the main bedroom reaches the entrance hall through two sheets of figured glass, seen intriguingly through each other. A light-weight hardboard screen slides between the sheets of glass, forming a door when drawn across the opening. The child's bedroom is linked to the living room in a similar way—and lights the kitchen, too. There are other vital contributions by glass, for instance a living room cupboard (not shown here) has a sliding door and shelves of glass; kitchen shelves and the bathroom cupboard door are of Rough Cast glass, and the bathroom is lined with Pot Opal Tiles.



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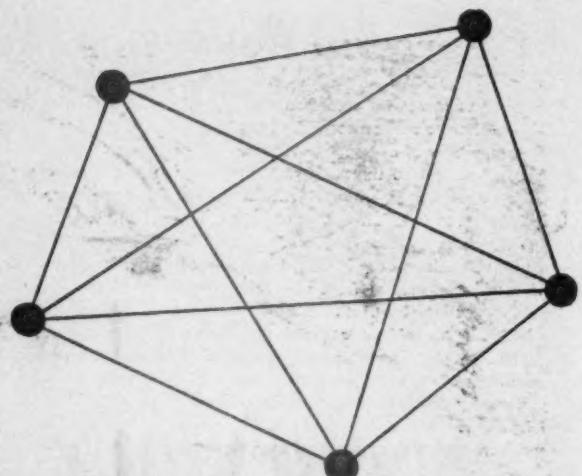
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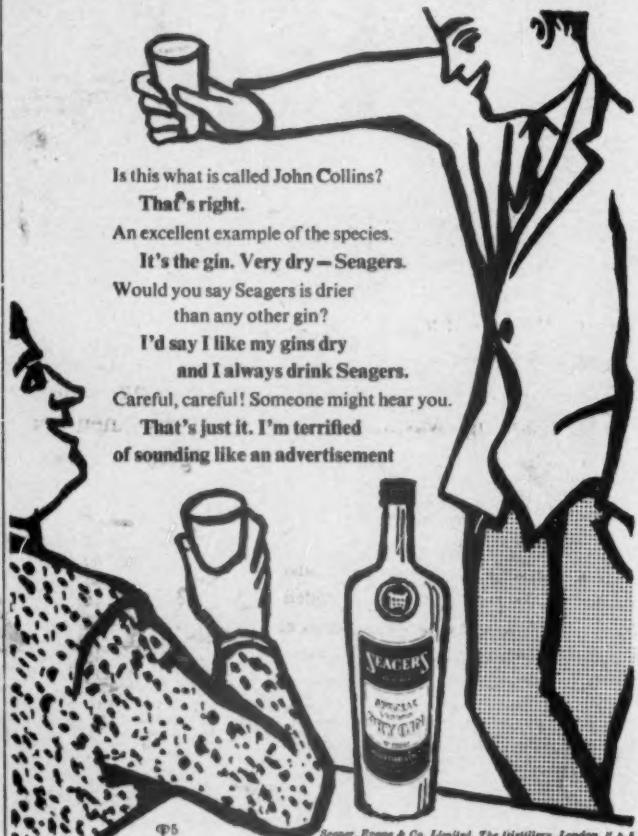
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Is this what is called John Collins?

That's right.

An excellent example of the species.

It's the gin. Very dry—Seagers.

Would you say Seagers is drier  
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I'd say I like my gins dry  
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Careful, careful! Someone might hear you.

That's just it. I'm terrified  
of sounding like an advertisement



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## You wouldn't neglect him... would you?

Most dogs, most of the time, are not as happy and healthy as they could be. What does your dog want? Not much really. Exercise, kindness, a good home . . . but there is something else a dog must have regularly, if he's to look and feel at his absolute best.

### The answers

Bob Martin's supply the answer. Bob Martin's contain vitamins—vitamins A, B and D—plus all the concentrated goodness of whole natural liver. These are all essentials in a dog's truly *natural* diet. No wonder dogs love Bob Martin's.

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Keep an eye on your dog. A poor appetite, a lifeless coat—these are signs you should not ignore. Make one Bob Martin's once a day the rule for your dog, and get set for a lively, happy companion.



# Give him Bob Martin condition!

Bob Martin's Condition  
Powder Tablets, from chemists,  
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**So easy for you!  
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Your dog will quickly learn to remind you when it's time for his Bob Martin's. Don't they taste good to him—and don't they do him good! Bob Martin time is a big moment in any dog's day.



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*It's a moot point  
whether  
Sir Francis Drake  
would have dressed his  
beard with IMPERIAL LEATHER Brilliantine  
or shaved it off with IMPERIAL LEATHER  
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IMPERIAL LEATHER then*

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Throwing a hammer may not be everyone's idea of fun but everyone who throws a hammer does so with evident enjoyment—and nearly everyone knows that the right people for this and every other sport are, of course —

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# Say goodnight to that cold

**I**N Scotland—where cold, rain and mist are no strangers—they well know the best defence against chill: that long, slow wave of inner warmth that comes from a good Scotch Whisky.

These treacherous nights, when you're damp and tired, make yourself a White Horse toddy. Take it at bedtime, with hot water, lemon-juice and sugar—or in hot milk. Finding you sleeping soundly, wrapped in a gentle glow, the cold that was counting on no resistance will probably change its mind.



**WHITE HORSE**  
**Scotch Whisky**



## CHARIVARIA

**C**OMING out strongly in favour of Mr. Billy Graham's evangelist aims *The Recorder* may well have laid itself open to martyrdom by litigation. Certain sections of the George Mitchell Choir, with their colleagues elsewhere, are said to be taking counsel's opinion over the headline, "I Believe in Hell, He Says, as Baritone Sings to the Press."

### Good Looker

**M**RS. JANET HITCHMAN, whose unusual eyesight enables her to see the principal moons of Jupiter, is expecting an invitation from Mount Palomar to collaborate with the famous



telescope; the two of them working together should achieve the most reliable survey of Space yet made. Moreover, as Space is curved, Mrs. Hitchman should with practice be able to look down the telescope and see herself looking up the other end, though that way round, of course, she would come out pretty small.

### Heartbreak House

**Y**OUR Irish wit made you bequeath This hideous pile to English dust? Even in life we viewed you with A National mis-Trust.

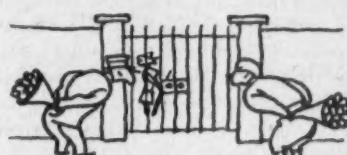
### Tourist Influx, a Spearhead

**B**RITAIN's hospitality was liberal during February. Herr Klaus Arnsberger, Senor Don Enrique Borrego, Monsieur Jacques Amirault and Miss Moh Yun-Suk, respectively heading parties from Germany, Mexico, France and Korea, overlapped as guests of the

Foreign Office at St. Ermin's Hotel, S.W.1. From this headquarters they made, or are to make, separate but intersecting sightseeing tours; for the Germans, the itinerary includes Crawley New Town, the House of Commons and the B.B.C.; for the Mexicans, the Stock Exchange, the House of Commons and the B.B.C.; for the French, a Home Office Civil Defence School, the House of Commons and the B.B.C.; and for the Koreans, Toynbee Hall, the House of Commons and a working men's social club near Durham. The glaring omission from the Korean programme is not thought to be intentionally discriminating, against either Miss Moh Yun-Suk or Sir Ian Jacob.

### Two Green Bottles

**M**EMBERS of the Women's Royal Army Corps, according to the *Evening Standard*, are in the thick of a marriage boom, and entirely because of the new bottle-green uniform. "Our girls," a War Office spokeswoman told the reporter, "are the smartest in the world." Getting down to the heart of the matter the reporter then asked, "Whom do the girls marry?" and was



told by the same spokeswoman: "About half of them marry civilians, and the other half marry Servicemen." Smart, maybe; but where is their sense of adventure?

### Outside Looking In

**T**HREE times a day, on busy days, Lord and Lady Cranbrook are donning their Coronation robes to appear before sightseers at Great Glemham House, their home in Suffolk.

boxes, but the Post Office thinks it impracticable at present. Its spokesmen are equally unsympathetic towards suggestions about providing telephone boxes with waiting rooms.

### It Begins at Home

**T**HREE times a day, on busy days, Lord and Lady Cranbrook are donning their Coronation robes to appear before sightseers at Great Glemham House, their home in Suffolk.



After each appearance a collection is taken up for the Westminster Abbey repair fund. There seems no reason why this splendid idea, brought to the public attention by the *Daily Mail's* diarist, should not be taken up at other stately homes (Chartwell might make a good beginning); it has everything to commend it. It keeps the moth out of the robes—a worrying problem between Coronations; it gives pleasure to those members of the public who, in the ordinary course, never see a peer of the realm rattling small change in his coronet as he passes from visitor to visitor; and it handsomely benefits a worthy cause, particularly since, under the Finance Act of 1953, amateur performances for charity are exempt from entertainments duty.

### Down Came a Blackbird

**B**IRMINGHAM is still divided on the question of coloured bus-conductors, whose suggested employment has been "overwhelmingly opposed" by the city's transport staff. In the air, things are better. Sir Miles Thomas, pursuing B.O.A.C.'s policy of

looking after its passengers "regardless of race, colour or creed," has announced that difficulties over getting coloured clients into first-class hotels at night-stops have now been resolved. The black man is *persona grata* when he drops from the sky. Perhaps this is the answer for Birmingham's would-be conductors. Armed with a certificate to show that they have returned by plane from Bermuda, where they had the best room at the Castle Harbour, they may at length be permitted to bang a bus bell round New Street, Corporation Street and Colmore Row.

#### Entente Cordiale

THE American-inspired Balkan Alliance is bearing fruit. Journalists of Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia, who not long ago were respectively monarchofascists, lackeys of Wall Street, and Stalinist thugs, have now agreed not to print anything which might lead to misunderstanding or ill-will between their countries. In concrete terms this means they will have to think twice before calling one another puppets of the Pentagon.

#### They Know What They Like

(Manchester City Council have referred back to the Art Galleries Committee a recommendation to spend £760 on a Henry Moore bronze, "Draped Torso.")

E, tak' thi damn torso away,  
We think nowt o' yon daft kind  
o' lass;  
We're 'appen big boobies wi' bronze,  
But tha can't teach us nowt about  
brass.



## THE MIDDLE EAST CLARIFIED

**R**ECENT developments in Cairo and related capitals were reported by the more sober British papers in adjoining columns; this meant that students of events who were incapable of sustained concentration were apt to fall asleep among Bagarra tribesmen crying "No Egypt, no Britain" and wake up, to continue their reading with only the faintest sense of *non sequitur*, to the sound of Sayed Abdullah Yafi forming his third Cabinet in six days. Lieutenant-Colonel Hussein Shafei, welcoming General Neguib on his return from Khartoum, became confused in their minds with General Fuad Shehab, seeing Adeeh Shishakly on to a Saudi Arabian aircraft at Beirut. This whole vast area of political activity needs cool appraisal, if students of Middle Eastern affairs are to get anything more than an impression of swarthy brigadiers overthrowing one another's régimes in their night clothes, and a short guide to the situation is plainly called for.

Perhaps the problem is best dealt with in terms of the personalities involved. What, for instance, of Sayed Quzbarry—so often, and so rightly, confused with Dr. Mamoun Kuzbery (for they are one and the same, but subject to the whims of newspaper orthography)? And who is Shaikh el Bakhoury, Ministry of Wakfs? Where does Sir Abdel Rahman el Mahdi come in? Which of them was responsible for King Hussein's abrupt decision to visit his cousin Feisal II in Baghdad? What is a Wakf?

But let us begin at the top, with Neguib (provided that he stays at the top long enough). Neguib, fortunately, presents less puzzles than some. We can recognize him in his pictures, whether smoking his pipe, washing his feet or kissing Army officers several ranks his junior. He has a stocky, potentially tweedy, almost English air, and comes out creditably in reports of his hospital rounds, chatting democratically to patients speared and clubbed in his interests. But he is the only clear-cut figure. When we come to such a trio as Shukri Kuwaitly, Showkat Shukair and Hashim Atashi the personalities become blurred, as if articulated through a mouthful of biscuit, and it is hard to remember

whether they are pipe-smokers, or whose feet they are washing.

Students will be well advised at this point to seek answers to the following questions:

1. Who gave orders for the arrest of Jordan farmhands pushing their ploughs across the frontier into Israel?
2. Which of the study countries is President Shamoun President of?
3. What was the misunderstanding which led to Hashim Atashi and Mamoun Kuzbery becoming, for a short time, simultaneous Presidents of Syria?
4. How would you have liked to be Abdul Rahman Hakki, the Egyptian Ambassador in London, explaining the whole thing to the Press?

These points cleared up, the general pattern will begin to take shape; and when the Foreign Office releases the verbatim report of General Neguib's lunch-time conversation with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd in a blockaded Residency, the full implications of Colonel Nasser's early hardships (he was, of course, the son of a village postmaster) should complete the jigsaw in which Cairo, Khartoum, Damascus, Amman, Jerusalem, Beirut and Baghdad fall neatly into place.

But, of course, the sands are shifting continually, and even before this simple key to events reaches print the design may have changed. As one commentator has put it: "Members of the Council of Revolution will have to sort out their relations for the future," which may well mean that Major Salah Salem sorts out his brother, Wing-Commander Gamal Salem, and Major Zakaria Mohiedden his brother, Major Khaled Mohiedden, and so on. The question, "Who speaks for Egypt?" will not be an easy one to answer for some weeks, and the student noting, perhaps, such headlines as, "COUP D'ETAT IN CAIRO: FAROUK IN FULL POWER" must content himself with the reflection that Mr. Eden has undertaken to negotiate with practically anyone. J. B. BOOTHROYD



#### Facts are Sacred

"Since the Coronation visit of Queen Salote one of the more popular books in Bromley Council's Central Library has been a Tongan grammar."—*News Chronicle*

"Bromley public library bought a book on Tongan grammar last year. It cost 25/- No one has borrowed it."—*Evening Standard*

PUNCH, March 10 1954

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA



"With new power and a firm faith we can now apply ourselves to the big task that lies ahead—the continuation and further creation of healthy and just relations between White and non-White."—Dr. Malan

## A Trial of Strength



**W**HEN I was being looked at by Television a short while ago a tall blonde lady dressed in gold came on to the stage and bent a steel rod with her hands. She stood on both legs. She did not wear skates. She did not look very strong. She then gave two pieces of rope which had a handle to four men. Two of them pulled at each piece of rope while she held the two handles together with one hand. They seemed to be fairly strong men. She then bent a kind of metal stanchion, or it may have been a railway girder, with her hands while she held it in her teeth. But these no doubt are

mere parlour tricks. I should not have been surprised if she had bent an isobar.

But in the end she took a large London Telephone Directory and tore it in two, not easily but after one or two unsuccessful endeavours, and I could not help thinking what a useful accomplishment this must be. Especially perhaps in drama, where the telephone is used a great deal.

One seems to see the darkened stage. The heroine is in tears. She has been disappointed in love. If she cannot get a message through to the loved one, she will begin to seal up the windows, put cushions against the locked door and turn on the gas. "He ringeth not," she

BY EVOE

says. So she will make a last appeal to him; but she has forgotten the number. His name is Edward Smith. There will be a short black-out here, because in London there are two and a half pages of E. Smiths, some of whom of course may not even be Edward, but Ernest, or Ethwald, or Ethelbert. But when the light comes on again she will be almost at the end of the multitude of Smiths, and all the exchanges with the first three letters in large type from ABBey to the alphabet's end. To be more precise, she will just have reached WORDsworth. It is no good, she cannot find him. He is out. He is asleep. She is a-weary, a-weary. She comes to the last number. There is nothing but a ringing tone.



"In the book I got up to where Alan walks out on Janet at that dance given by the Crawshaws—I want to go in just then."

She rises, and tears the London Telephone Directory in half.

CURTAIN

And a very good curtain too.

At a row of public call boxes four or five exasperated strong women tearing Telephone Directories in two would be a still more interesting spectacle, though perhaps unfair to people waiting behind.

And while I was thinking of these matters, it occurred to me that I have twenty-seven Telephone Directories, some of them in two volumes and some in four, dating back to 1945. A little calculation will show that the library is not complete, but even so it would reveal many startling residential changes, if one had time to analyse the contents.

There was a proposal, I remember, some years ago that a moderately strong man carrying new issues of two of the four-volume edition would bear away the obsolete publications, thus restoring to the State its own property and relieving the householder of misery and despair. But the proposal has not been implemented. The library remains.

Nor does one throw outworn Telephone Directories into the waste-paper basket; possibly because they do not fit, possibly because a kind of sanctity seems to attach itself to so large and so authoritative a statement of Government opinion, their own brain-child, even when the value of the information has declined. Every volume, one realizes, was compiled with the greatest skill and care, and carries after the title the words "Crown Copyright Reserved." The last entry for April 1953 is ZZymbia, and this alone must have needed a great deal of anxious thought.

Curiously enough there is a private Bill, which has now passed its second reading in the Lords, which will prevent gas and electricity inspectors from making a forcible entry into the home without a magistrate's warrant.

But if a strong and beautiful lady dressed in gold were to come to the door, asking "Any old telephone directories to be torn in two?" what decent citizen would inquire whether she had a magistrate's warrant or no?

## Portrait of the Artist

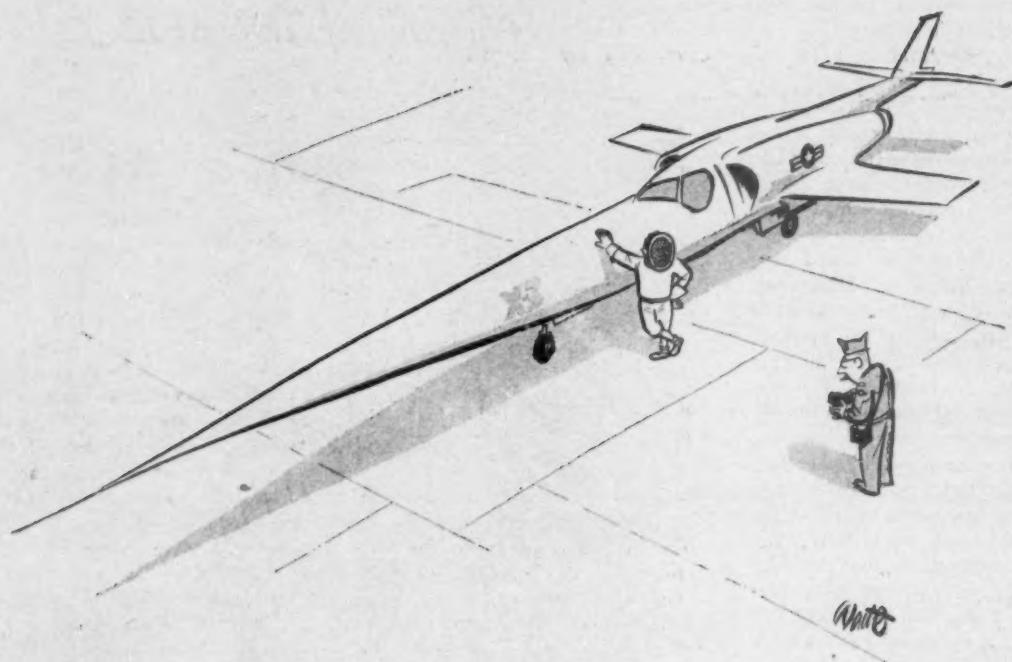


SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS

I RIDE my hobby-horse straight and hard  
Rough-shod over the avant-garde.  
It's a mettlesome mount from which to lasso  
The helpless heads of Matisse and Picasso,  
And it won't start shying at liberal thinkers  
If I stick to my rule and ride it in blinkers.

B. A. Y.

"Single Oak Panelled Bed and Mattress, new, £5 10s.; Six Painted Iron Sheets 6' x 3', 45s." — Yorkshire Evening Press  
Any hair nightshirts?



## Telephones and Hiccups

### SOME RELATIONSHIPS ESTABLISHED

#### Results of Twenty-five Years' Study

BY CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

THE Minister of Health made an official announcement yesterday that a relationship had been established between telephoning and hiccups. He emphasized that nobody yet knew what that relationship was and that therefore uninformed and alarmist conclusions should not be drawn from this information, which was contained in a report presented to him by the Standing Advisory Committee on Telephoning and Hiccups.

The Minister's statement was made in a written Parliamentary answer. At a Press Conference at the Ministry the Minister explained that, as the statistics showed that hiccups were always unusually prevalent during the first fortnight of March—a period during which in the years 1940-1942 (inclusive) the average number of telephone calls *per diem* per subscriber rose from 2.6 in the last week of February to 2.93 in the

first week of March—he had, with full Cabinet approval, decided to release the information at once.

The Committee warns young ladies of the risks apparently attendant upon excessive telephoning, but the Minister pointed out that, while a connection between hiccups and telephoning may be regarded as firmly established, yet it is at present quite uncertain whether hiccups are caused by actual talking on the telephone or by the nervous effect of a constant ringing of the telephone bell. Nor is it possible either to affirm or deny the suggestion that a main cause of hiccups is not so much telephoning as such as the irritation caused by a constant reception of wrong numbers, which is alleged to set up a deleterious jerky movement of the sub-jugular gland. It appears that hiccups are more prevalent in Peckham than they are in Welwyn Garden City (4.9 per cent of

the subscribers in the former area complain of having suffered from this disability as against 4.7 per cent in the latter area), but there are no statistics to show whether wrong numbers are more frequently given in Peckham than in Welwyn or the reverse.

In a statement issued later the National Institute of Amenity Zone Switchboard Operatives suggested that a fund of £250,000, payable to themselves, should be established in order to facilitate research on this and analogous problems.

#### Review of Evidence

The Minister's answer stated that "having considered the report of the panel under the chairmanship of the Government Actuary on the statistical evidence of an association between telephoning and hiccups, and having reviewed the other evidence available to them, the committee are of opinion that it must be regarded that there is a relationship between telephoning and hiccups."

Though there is a strong presumption that the relationship is causal, as both hiccups and telephones have increased during the twenty-five years of the committee's session to an alarming

### TELEPHONING AND THE INCIDENCE OF HICCUPS

#### Percentage of Hiccups to Telephone Calls

The following are figures of the apparent relationship between telephoning and the incidence of hiccups:

	England and Wales		Scotland		Northern Ireland	
	Men	Women	Men	Women	Men	Women
1-5 Calls per diem ..	0·1	17·1	0·7	16·1	1·2	2·1
5-20 Calls per diem ..	1·9	7·6	3·6	5·9	7·6	6·4
Over 20 Calls per diem ..	12·7	11·3	7·3	8·1	97·5	98·3
Don't Know ..	172·1	95·3	33·3	197·2	0·0	0·0

"I regret to have to inform the House that these figures are not reliable."

*Written Answer from the Assistant Postmaster-General. February 17, 1954, Hansard, col. 1764.*

degree, the relationship is not a simple one, nor can we shut our eyes to the fact that hiccups are much more commonly found among sufferers from *delirium tremens*—an affliction not in itself directly caused by telephones—than among moderate drinkers. The original paper of Fishhook and Karpinski, issued in America in 1930, showed that

of 674 hiccups interviewed by these two professors of North Dakota University 617 were intoxicated as against 37 who were sober. The other 20 were listed in the statistics as "betwixt and between." The possibility cannot therefore be dismissed, argued the Minister, that hiccups are caused rather by alcoholic indulgence than by

telephoning as such. Also the research carried out by the Department of Social Science of the University of Louisiana seems definitely to have established the fact that young persons, under the influence of alcohol, tend to ring up their "girl friends" more freely than those whose metabolisms are more normally inhibited. They also tend to have hiccups more freely. But whether it is the hiccups that cause the telephoning or the telephoning that causes the hiccups is a subject on which it would be unwise to dogmatize until more intensive research has made further statistical evidence available. "It is," joked the Minister with a laugh, "another example of the old question whether it was the hen that came out of the egg or the egg that came out of the hen."

In so far as telephoning is a cause of hiccups, it seems certain that more telephoning is a cause of more hiccups. The effect is not immediate, and young ladies of eighteen, who telephone at excessive length, should be warned that, though they may not be conscious of any immediate ill effects, it is far from impossible that the years 65-67 will



find them hiccuping like one o'clock. It must not be forgotten that Professor Wimsey has shown that females of sixty-five who hiccup are in general less sexually attractive to males than females of eighteen who do not hiccup.

The Committee which for twenty-five years has been giving close attention to this matter writes: "Science has shown that the strongest part of a chain is its weakest link. Although there is not the smallest reason to think that anyone will pay any attention to anything that we say, yet we might as well go on sitting for another twenty-five years just for the fun of it."

#### Panel Set Up

The article of Professors Fishook and Karpinski first called attention to the possibility of a connection between

hiccupps and telephoning, but when Dr. Armitage, in his presidential address to the Hiccup Society delivered in May 1940, dismissed the conclusions of the Professors as what he termed "bolony," the Advisory Committee decided that further substantiating evidence was needed. It was therefore decided to set up a panel under the chairmanship of the Government Actuary, who would report to the Minister, who would then lay the report before Parliament.

At yesterday's Press Conference it was pointed out that between 1910 and 1950 the number of telephones in the country multiplied by 47·3. Of the number of hiccupps over the same period, which might be referred to as the material period, statistics were admittedly not exhaustive, but it seems certain that by 1950 in England and Wales (not

including Monmouthshire) the population were emitting at least 17,327 hiccupps per second (males 8,117—females 9,210), and though no exact statistic for 1910 is available, there can be little doubt that this registers a great and alarming increase. Comparable increases have been reported in all countries from which reliable hiccup-statistics are available. It was certain, however, that telephoning could not be the only factor, since the affliction occurred among non-telephoners; not one but several factors, or a combination of them, must be regarded as responsible.

In conclusion the Minister said that the matter was one of the greatest urgency, but he hoped that nobody would do anything whatsoever about it.

Sir Harold Highwater, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, said that he could give no indication how many telephone conversations were likely to bring on an attack of hiccupps. He added that hiccupps appeared to be more commonly prevalent in Westmorland than in Devonshire. He had no notion why.

#### Experiments With Mice

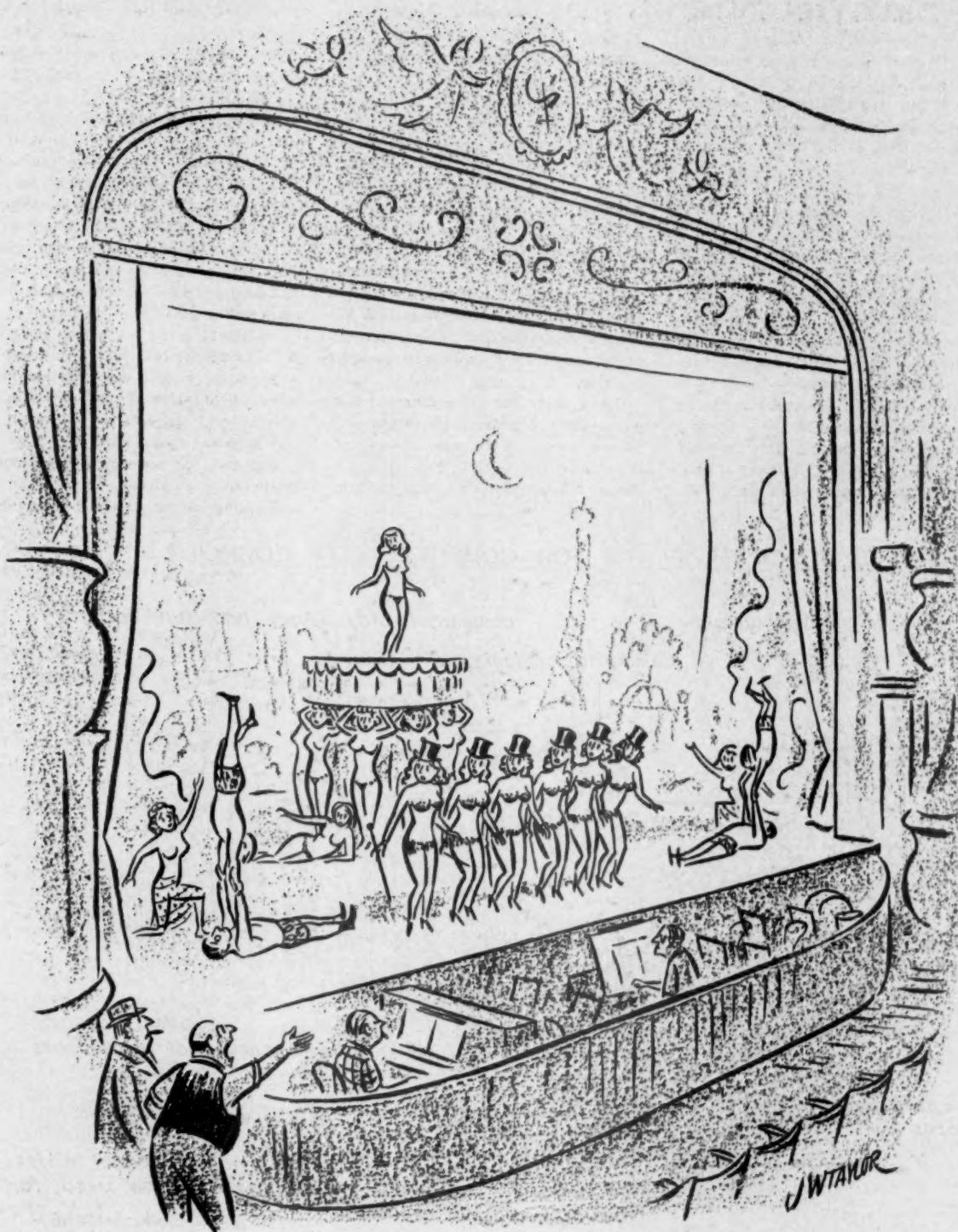
Mice do not commonly speak on the telephone nor do they generally suffer from hiccupps. Peculiar interest therefore attaches to recent experiments with mice which have been undertaken by a group of research social biologists at the University of Vienna. No fewer than eighty-one specially selected mice at that University—all of them in their second year of studies—have been trained to answer the telephone. Of these eighty-one mice it has been discovered that no fewer than thirty-seven suffer from an attack of hiccupps after a single telephone call, while all of them develop a tendency to lose their tails when subjected to an intensive course of telephoning. This clearly proves something.



"New Paragraph. Capital 'G' in gold embellished crimson Gothic set against scene from the Apocalypse as ornamental panel..."

"To-day there is a prospect of peace among British nudists . . . It is stated that they were to approach the British Sunbathing Association to consider the possibility of finding a constitution for a national body acceptable to all."

*Sunday Chronicle*  
Society of Individualists please note.



"I'm warning you—either there's a hell of an improvement or we put the whole show on ice!"

# A Saroyus Story

(No Laughing Matter)

BY RICHARD MALLETT

**I** WANT some laughs," the boy said.

"You can't have any laughs," the man said. The man was the boy's father. "This is Bill Saroyan setting out to be serious."

"Who's Bill Saroyan?"

"He wrote the story we're in."

"Do you know him?"

"I guess I do," the man said. He rubbed his chin as if it were somebody else's chin. He considered how to make the boy understand the relationship between both of them and William Saroyan. "Listen," he said. "There was a man called Pirandello——"

"Why does Bill Saroyan want to be serious?" the boy said.

"Critics were getting him down, I guess," the man said. "Comes a time when a man wants to show he can do something different."

"Serious is different?"

"For Bill Saroyan it is. Not that he's been exactly comic lately."

"What has he been?"

"You talk too much," the man said.

That's the way they go, the boy thought, always. Just when you get them close to it they move away.

The man had been in Saroyan stories before, under other names, but this was the first time he'd made the lead. He had done this by getting himself a son about seven years old. The father-son situation to Bill Saroyan was like aniseed to a dog.

But it might get to be different in a serious story. In the ordinary way Bill Saroyan made up the story as he went along, but that could lead to comic effects. Maybe this time he'd thought it out first.

"He's put it all in the title this time," the man said aloud.

"Who?" the boy said.

"Bill Saroyan. He's put it all in the title."

"What title?"

"The title of the book. He's called it *The Laughing Matter, A Serious Story*. That's irony," the man said.

The boy thought about the mark made on his pants by an iron rail once, and he said "Is it like the mark? The mark on my pants?"

"Where?"

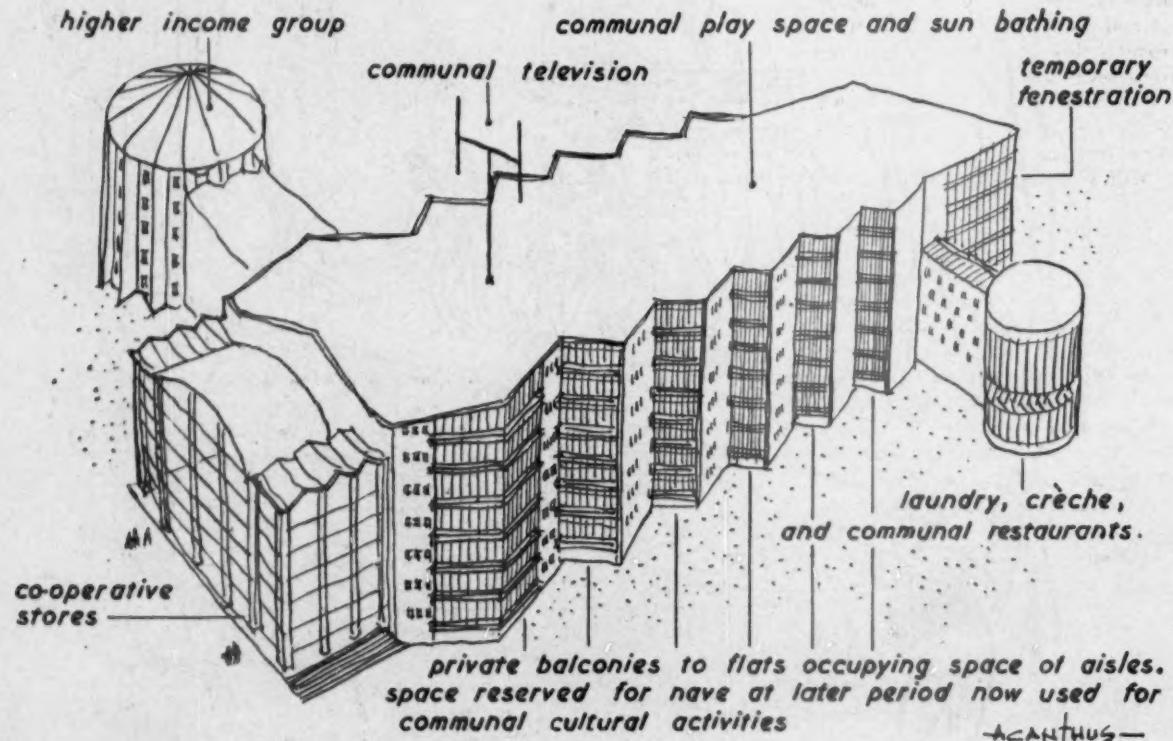
"When I climbed the fence."

The man looked with terrible love at his son. "It was an iron fence, wasn't it?" he said.

"Of course it was, Papa."

The man felt warm and glad inside. What do you know, he thought, I understand kids as well as Bill Saroyan

## PROPOSED BLOCK OF FLATS FOR COVENTRY CITY COUNCIL



Pending a settlement of priority claims between the rebuilding of Coventry Cathedral and municipal housing plans, this project is offered to the Council as a temporary solution.

does. Plenty of fathers wouldn't have got that.

"Will there be somebody else for me to talk to?" the boy said.

"Where?"

"In the story."

"Oh, hell, yes. There has to be."

"Has to be?"

"Pages have to be filled up," the man said. "Insight into the child mind has to be displayed like all get out."

"What's the child mind?"

"You've got one," the man said.

"Is that good?"

"It's natural. And it helps to fill a lot of space," said his father.

"Does it fill space like you talking to Mama?"

"In a different way." The man rubbed his chin again, and he said "If Mama were here I would be talking to her about our life together and the paragraphs would be longer, like this, but they wouldn't mean any more. I'm a man, I would say. And you're a woman, Swan. It will be like that, because it is right. Not because it isn't wrong, Swan. Every time because it isn't wrong the right has been where it was, and that is where it always is. If the wrong is there, the right is as if the wrong never was, Swan."

The boy did not ask what his mother would reply. Maybe if he did that he'd have to listen to it.

"Will we be in California?" he said.

"When?"

"In the story."

They would be in California, because everything happened in California, usually near Fresno. The man had once asked Bill Saroyan about that.

"Why, Bill?" he had said. "Why does everything have to happen in California?"

"I'm a writer," Bill Saroyan had said. "I live in California, Evan. I know California, so I write about it. But the writing about California isn't important, Evan. What is important is the living. I have to write for you, Evan, and you have to live for me. If you did not live for me I could not write for you, Evan. So the writing about California and the living in California both have to be, with a radiant and terrible reciprocal force, in a shining and tremendous state of coexistence. For I have to throw in a literary phrase now and then, Evan, to let them see I can still do it."

"Papa?" the boy said. "Will we be in California?"

"Yes," the man said.

"It is proposed that two blocks of flats at Kensington's Henry Dickens Court be named after Dickens characters—'Nickleby House' and 'Barkis House,' if the L.C.C. is willing."—*The Kensington News and West London Times*

That only leaves Nickleby.

## Pygmalion in the Euston Road

*The mingling of naturalistic limbs with only semi-representational heads is a surrealist gambit. Moore's strong personal style almost conceals the dichotomy; but when one is finally distracted from the work's formal qualities, it becomes disturbing.*

Nigel Gosling in *The Observer*

I WAS contented to be superhuman

Until my mind had gone too far to stop,  
Until I suddenly discovered Woman

Among the marble chippings in my shop.  
Till then the formal quality of my art

Allowed, or forced, me to accept as one  
The incompatible deeds which in my heart  
I knew that I had done.

I made your body bosomy and bottomy,  
Leaving your head a half-used ball of twine;  
But to conceal such virulent dichotomy  
Needed a stronger personal style than mine.  
It was outside my spiritual ambit  
To hold the thing together when you proved,  
Though gotten on a pure surrealist gambit,  
Romantically loved.

If Love, to help to love the hopeless lover,

Should wake this lovely body from the dead,  
What half-formed, hardly human thoughts would hover  
Within this hollow, half-imagined head?  
How could you tell your love with nothing nearly  
Resembling any mouth of human size,  
Or look your love with nothing to be clearly  
Identified as eyes?

O naturalistic limbs of my desire,

O hollow head of my professional pride,  
I should have thrown my heart into the fire,  
Or stoked it with detachment from outside.  
Better than be beset in such a fashion  
With wit and wishes, neither to be curbed;  
Between a sterile art and stirring passion  
Insolubly disturbed.

P. M. HUBBARD



## Anchor or Banner Screen

BY ANTHONY POWELL

**T**HE recent announcement of a fancy-dress ball for students in the Kremlin is a reminder of how much that particular form of entertainment has gone out of fashion in Western Europe. Perhaps this social experiment in Moscow will cause a revived interest here; anyway in circles of the extreme Left. If so, *Gentlemen's Fancy Dress : How to Choose It* (published 1882) should not be overlooked. This invaluable volume lists some five hundred male rôles for

attending a fancy-dress ball, briefly describing the main items of dress appropriate to each.

"The dresses worn at Fancy Balls are not very correct in all their details, either nationally or historically," writes the author, Mr. Ardern Holt, "and I have described rather what is best to wear than what the peasants of the several countries and the people who have preceded us veritably wore; but it is well to avoid glaring inconsistencies. I will therefore remind you that powder was introduced in James I's reign, and went out in 1795."

Overlooking an obvious—though, it must be confessed, unfortunate—misprint of "James" for "George," to which too much weight should not be attached, we move on to more detailed advice.

"With regard to beards—which are generally a difficulty—the ancient Britons invariably wore the moustache, and often a flowing beard which, among the Druids, added much to their venerable appearance. The Anglo-Saxons wore theirs closely trimmed and united to the whisker; or the upper lip shaved and the beard parted down the



Mr. Mohammad Ali, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, has described the United States Government's decision to grant military aid as a most important step forward in the consolidation of Pakistan.

centre of the chin. Among the Franks long hair and beards were held in great reverence. Some historians imagine that at one period they were forked and dyed blue and other fantastic colours. William the Conqueror and his followers were clean-shaved when they invaded England, but allowed their beards to grow to an inordinate length after they had come over here, especially in Henry I's time. In Henry II's time the beards were short and close."

The writer continues to enlarge on the subject of beards, but beard-wearers of the present time are well able to look after themselves. Besides, they could go as almost anything in their duffle coats and hoods. A mere glance at the book's further instructions will assure them of the period to which their beards are suited; or alternatively what trifling hirsute modifications should be made to ensure historical accuracy. Mr. Holt adds, rather severely, "In our day, when taste and culture are considered worthy of a thought, historical costumes should not be chosen by people of education without some little study."

Something obviously to be avoided at the Kremlin would be "Future Gentleman of Period, 1983," if only because the date is so ominously close to George Orwell's picture of 1984. The clothes for the epoch to which we are moving do seem rather surprising: "Evening dress coat, with lappels, collar and cuffs trimmed with sky-blue silk, gilt buttons; shirt and frill, large muslin bow with star of brilliants; white waistcoat and gilt buttons; black knee breeches, and black silk stockings; shoes, and sky-blue rosettes and buckles, straw-coloured gloves, fan, bouquet, and scent bottle." No doubt those of us who survive to that date will get used to wearing this outfit in the evening, though there seems rather a lot to carry. The scent bottle is presumably aimed at the appalling chemical smells that will envelop the science-dominated future.

More than once the list of suitable individuals to impersonate surprises by its choice of names. Why Roger Ascham, for example? He was a noted scholar and Queen Elizabeth I's tutor; but how many people know that? Or, Sir Thomas Gresham, the 16th century financier and inventor of "Gresham's Law"? Is he remembered outside the realms of economic history? One wonders whether, in three or four



"You can tell the ones that are hand made."

centuries' time, people will be advised to go to Fancy Balls as Professor Gilbert Murray or the late Lord Keynes; and, if so, what would be the essential additions to the clothes of that future period to make the illusion of our own contemporary dress convincing.

For some reason Mexican dress is dealt with in special detail. You are told how to go as a "Mexican," "Mexican Brigand," "Mexican Caballero," "Mexican Hunter," "Mexican Officer," "Mexican Planter," or "Mexican Postillion." However, "a long experience of Fancy Balls makes me advise those who desire to dance to avoid heavy wigs, hats, cloaks, swords, wands, and the several et ceteras which have to be carried in the hand. They are laid down anywhere early in the evening, and seldom found except with difficulty."

Perhaps, after all, Comic Costume would be best for the Kremlin party. For this line Mr. Holt recommends: "Picnic, Anchor, Banner Screen, Champagne Bottle, Bumpkin, Aesthetic Clown, Rosebud, Nabob, Pickle,

Phrenological Bust, and Monsieur Réveille." Bumpkin and Aesthetic Clown are obviously out of the question; Nabob Pickle, Monsieur Réveille, and Champagne Bottle, cryptic as they are, have the ring of capitalism and imperialism about them; while Phrenological Bust would be bourgeois science and mysticism at its worst; Rosebud and Picnic suggest the heedless pursuit of pleasure; which leaves Anchor and Banner Screen as final possibilities. These are both hopeful. But if you can be an Anchor or a Banner Screen—Banner Screen is typically revolutionary—there really seems no reason why you should not be a Hammer or a Sickle. Perhaps even a combination of the two. Indeed that might in the long run be the safest costume to recommend.

#### Truth Will Out

"BRADFIELD ENTERTAIN CHILDREN. A party was hell at Horseleas, by invitation of . . ."—*Newbury Weekly News*

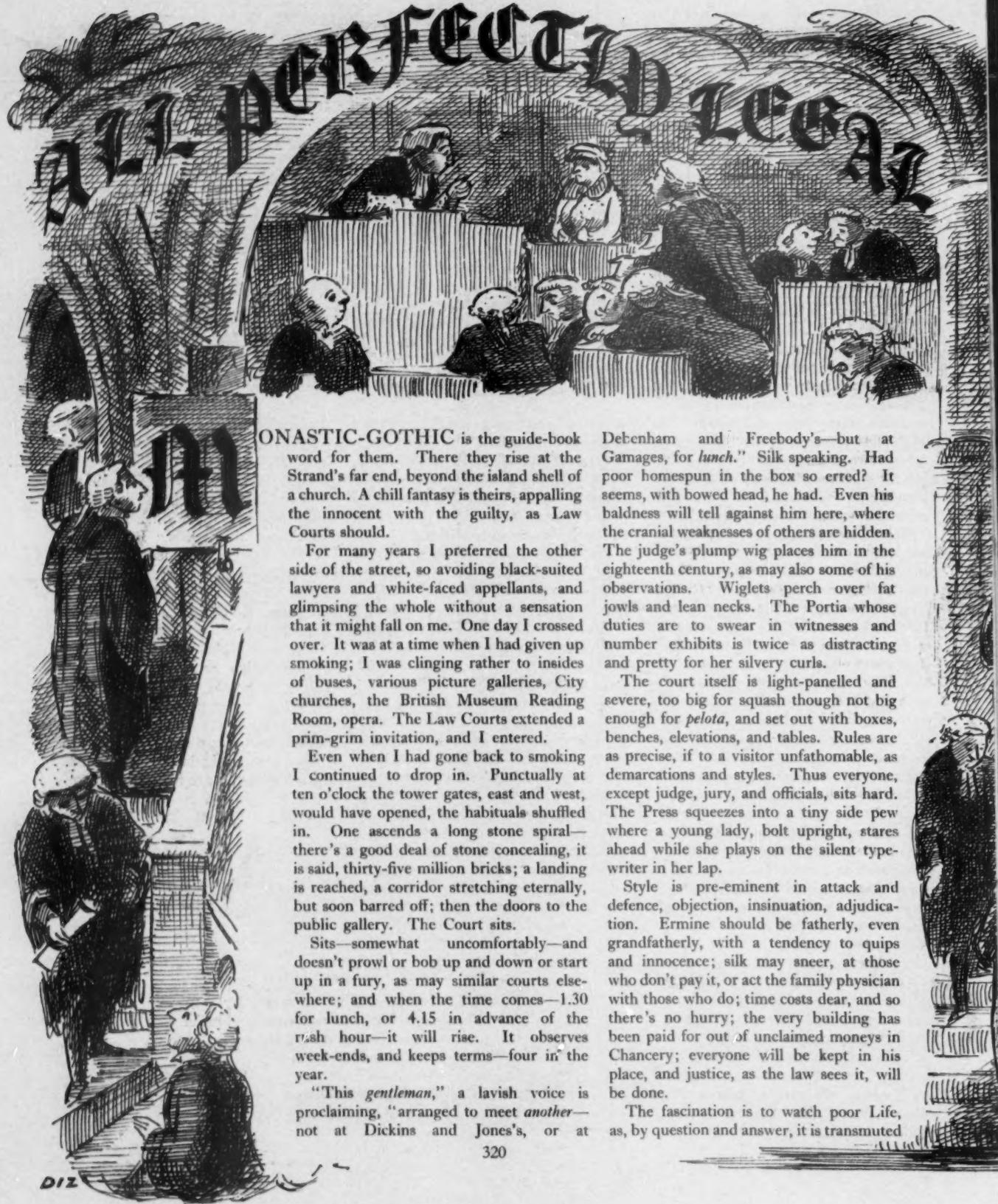
#### To a School Juliet

COULD I forget thee in that other play  
Then might thy gentleness command belief  
Nor present scenes be dull'd by yesterday—  
With recollection muddied o'er . . .

In brief,

Sweet Capulet, I cannot overcome  
The mem'ry of thee shoving in the scrum.

MARK BEVAN



**ONASTIC-GOTHIC** is the guide-book word for them. There they rise at the Strand's far end, beyond the island shell of a church. A chill fantasy is theirs, appalling the innocent with the guilty, as Law Courts should.

For many years I preferred the other side of the street, so avoiding black-suited lawyers and white-faced appellants, and glimpsing the whole without a sensation that it might fall on me. One day I crossed over. It was at a time when I had given up smoking; I was clinging rather to insides of buses, various picture galleries, City churches, the British Museum Reading Room, opera. The Law Courts extended a prim-grim invitation, and I entered.

Even when I had gone back to smoking I continued to drop in. Punctually at ten o'clock the tower gates, east and west, would have opened, the habituals shuffled in. One ascends a long stone spiral—there's a good deal of stone concealing, it is said, thirty-five million bricks; a landing is reached, a corridor stretching eternally, but soon barred off; then the doors to the public gallery. The Court sits.

Sits—somewhat uncomfortably—and doesn't prowl or bob up and down or start up in a fury, as may similar courts elsewhere; and when the time comes—1.30 for lunch, or 4.15 in advance of the rush hour—it will rise. It observes week-ends, and keeps terms—four in the year.

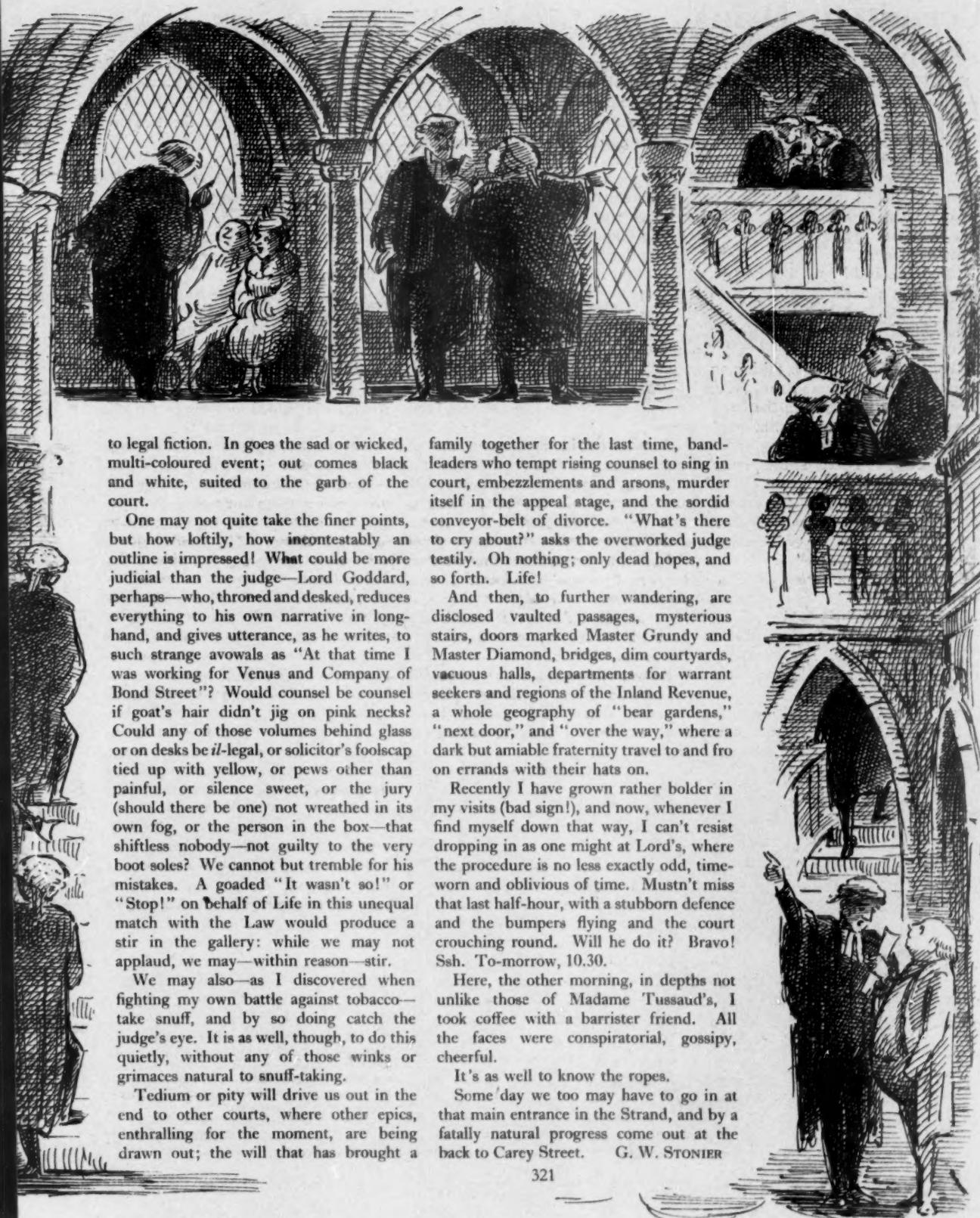
"This gentleman," a lavish voice is proclaiming, "arranged to meet another—not at Dickins and Jones's, or at

Debenham and Freebody's—but at Gamages, for lunch." Silk speaking. Had poor homespun in the box so erred? It seems, with bowed head, he had. Even his baldness will tell against him here, where the cranial weaknesses of others are hidden. The judge's plump wig places him in the eighteenth century, as may also some of his observations. Wiglets perch over fat jowls and lean necks. The Portia whose duties are to swear in witnesses and number exhibits is twice as distracting and pretty for her silvery curls.

The court itself is light-panelled and severe, too big for squash though not big enough for *pelota*, and set out with boxes, benches, elevations, and tables. Rules are as precise, if to a visitor unfathomable, as demarcations and styles. Thus everyone, except judge, jury, and officials, sits hard. The Press squeezes into a tiny side pew where a young lady, bolt upright, stares ahead while she plays on the silent typewriter in her lap.

Style is pre-eminent in attack and defence, objection, insinuation, adjudication. Ermine should be fatherly, even grandfatherly, with a tendency to quips and innocence; silk may sneer, at those who don't pay it, or act the family physician with those who do; time costs dear, and so there's no hurry; the very building has been paid for out of unclaimed moneys in Chancery; everyone will be kept in his place, and justice, as the law sees it, will be done.

The fascination is to watch poor Life, as, by question and answer, it is transmuted



to legal fiction. In goes the sad or wicked, multi-coloured event; out comes black and white, suited to the garb of the court.

One may not quite take the finer points, but how loftily, how inecontestably an outline is impressed! What could be more judicial than the judge—Lord Goddard, perhaps—who, throned and desked, reduces everything to his own narrative in long-hand, and gives utterance, as he writes, to such strange avowals as "At that time I was working for Venus and Company of Bond Street"? Would counsel be counsel if goat's hair didn't jig on pink necks? Could any of those volumes behind glass or on desks be *il-legal*, or solicitor's foolscap tied up with yellow, or pews other than painful, or silence sweet, or the jury (should there be one) not wreathed in its own fog, or the person in the box—that shiftless nobody—not guilty to the very boot soles? We cannot but tremble for his mistakes. A goaded "It wasn't so!" or "Stop!" on behalf of Life in this unequal match with the Law would produce a stir in the gallery: while we may not applaud, we may—with reason—stir.

We may also—as I discovered when fighting my own battle against tobacco—take snuff, and by so doing catch the judge's eye. It is as well, though, to do this quietly, without any of those winks or grimaces natural to snuff-taking.

Tedium or pity will drive us out in the end to other courts, where other epics, enthralling for the moment, are being drawn out; the will that has brought a

family together for the last time, band-leaders who tempt rising counsel to sing in court, embezzlements and arsons, murder itself in the appeal stage, and the sordid conveyor-belt of divorce. "What's there to cry about?" asks the overworked judge testily. Oh nothing; only dead hopes, and so forth. Life!

And then, to further wandering, are disclosed vaulted passages, mysterious stairs, doors marked Master Grundy and Master Diamond, bridges, dim courtyards, vacuous halls, departments for warrant seekers and regions of the Inland Revenue, a whole geography of "bear gardens," "next door," and "over the way," where a dark but amiable fraternity travel to and fro on errands with their hats on.

Recently I have grown rather bolder in my visits (bad sign!), and now, whenever I find myself down that way, I can't resist dropping in as one might at Lord's, where the procedure is no less exactly odd, time-worn and oblivious of time. Mustn't miss that last half-hour, with a stubborn defence and the bumpers flying and the court crouching round. Will he do it? Bravo! Ssh. To-morrow, 10.30.

Here, the other morning, in depths not unlike those of Madame Tussaud's, I took coffee with a barrister friend. All the faces were conspiratorial, gossipy, cheerful.

It's as well to know the ropes.

Some day we too may have to go in at that main entrance in the Strand, and by a fatally natural progress come out at the back to Carey Street. G. W. STONIER

# Permit to Drink

BY D. F. KARAKA

BOMBAY

AFTER the tedious formalities at the airport I drove into town and was glad to be back home amid the Oriental comforts of a cook, a bearer and hamal, who came around to greet their returning master with salaams. I had been eight weeks abroad. As India is now a free country there was little point in my staying abroad any longer.

"Sahib like bath?" my bearer said, gently easing the shoes off my tired feet.

I told him I would first like a whisky and soda.

"Whisky-soda?" he said, raising an eyebrow and looking towards my wife, who was better informed on the latest developments on this score. She went to the old cocktail cabinet, now somewhat depleted, and checked the permit position.

"Darling," she replied after a careful perusal of the Health Permit issued to me by the Government of Bombay, "your permit has expired."

"But isn't there something left over from the last bottle?"

"I am afraid not," she said.

"Haven't you got any in the house?"

"On my permit, yes. But you know I can't offer you a drink from my bottle."

I realized immediately that that would be illegal. We Indians who are health permit holders are by law not allowed to offer drinks to each other. All we can

legally do is to sit in the same room and drink from our respective bottles. The maxim that husband and wife are one in law does not apply in this instance.

The position is different for foreigners. They can offer drinks to each other. Foreigners don't come under our Welfare State scheme.

The situation with regard to my expired liquor permit had to be remedied immediately. So the very next day I went over in person to the office of the Superintendent of Prohibition and Excise. I explained to this official that I had only just returned from Europe the day before and that, in the meantime, my liquor permit had expired.

"Must to fill fresh application," he replied. "Three rupees for form, please."

I paid. The application was an exhaustive document requiring my full name, my home address, my occupation, my income, a brief statement indicating how long I had been accustomed to drink foreign liquor, the quantity per day and per month which I required on HEALTH GROUNDS, and other similar information.

"What do I do in the meantime?" I asked the Superintendent of Prohibition and Excise.

He was a helpful man; he volunteered to exercise his discretionary powers under the Act. "In special case I can issue temporary permit for ten days," he said.

"For ten days only?"

"By that time must to complete proper medical examination and get proper permit."

"What do I get on the temporary permit?"

"One unit."

A unit stood for a bottle of spirit, or three bottles of wine, or nine of beer.

"All right," I said, "I'll take it."

"Five rupees, please."

I paid. I was grateful for the accommodation.

The next day I went to the Resident Medical Officer of one of the leading hospitals at which these health permits are issued. An hour later the doctor took my weight and my blood pressure. With his stethoscope he checked my lungs and tapped me once or twice on various parts of my chest.

"Complaint, please?" I knew what that cryptic question meant and answered "Sleeplessness, indigestion, bad nerves and a low feeling."

The doctor noted my ailments on the application. He handed me a slip of paper, saying "You will hear in due course."

Ten days later I had a small memo from the office of the Collector of Bombay asking me to call in person at the Prohibition Office on any week-day between eleven and four excepting Saturdays. The memo made no further commitment.

This I did. There I was told my permit had been sanctioned. On health grounds I was allowed by Government to consume two units of foreign liquor per month.

"Ten rupees, please," the clerk said, handing me my permit.

I paid. After all, my Government was only doing it for the good of the country, I realized. It was living up to its slogan: "Pure drinks and pure administration."

Jai Hind!

6 6

"It was stated that when a police constable heard the sound of breaking glass and saw a man taking something out of the shop window, he gave chase. The man dropped the gramophone while running but the policeman eventually caught him.

It was stated defendant had a record."

*Belfast Telegraph*

A feeble excuse.





# Getting into Pictures

BY J. MACLAREN-ROSS

**O**NE day a year or two ago I happened to be glancing idly through a ciné weekly in a barber's shop when I was confronted by a photograph of a well-known producer sitting at his desk in an attitude of dejection, his hair suitably dishevelled, the floor all around piled high with plays in typescript, novels in their dust-jackets, and rejected scenarios in a tattered condition.

"THE STORY'S THE THING" was the caption running in large type above the picture of the despondent executive: for the past six months, according to the article printed below, he had been trying without success to find a suitable screen-subject; everything else was fixed: studio-space, distribution-guarantee, stars under contract, finance ready for release: the whole bag of tricks in fact. But—no story; so he couldn't proceed.

I turned the page; the next article dealt with an identical theme: this time it was actually written by a producer and director, whose name was a Household Word. He too was at his wits' end for material: "serious" writers, he deplored, took no interest in the medium; the standard of MSS. submitted fell far below that of the average published novel or play performed upon the stage; above all, they were not written "visually," with cinematic requirements in mind.

My heart went out to these unhappy men in their plight: by the time my turn in the chair came and the fibrous towel was tucked in round my neck I had

determined to help them. One of my earliest ambitions had been to write for the films; during the war I had been employed for that purpose by a documentary company; in a drawer at home lay a full-length feature-script, written primarily for the screen and overflowing with visual content. The plots of books marked down long ago as ideal for cinema adaptation; fragmentary scenes; snatches of dialogue: actual camera-angles surged up from my subconscious and swirled dizzily in montage through my head—at the moment being held down by the barber's ruthless Cypriot hand. Obviously I was the answer to the problems of these distressed impresarios; nor was my philanthropic desire to come to their aid unmixed with recollections of the fabulous sums which producers were reputed to pay for film rights; for, as usual, I was not overburdened with ready cash.

So, on leaving the hairdresser's, damp, shorn, and smelling of aromatic lotion, I at once entered a telephone-box and rang up the first producer, since his need seemed the most urgent.

"Sorry, Mr. Samuelson is down at the studio to-day," an apathetic feminine voice informed me.

"Couldn't I contact him there?" I asked.

"If you have an appointment."

"No, I meant by telephone."

"Mr. Samuelson is allergic to the telephone, and he never sees anyone except by appointment."

"It's about a story," I said, playing

what I believed to be my trump-card. I was evidently mistaken. Before, the voice had sounded merely bored; now, a perceptible note of contempt insinuated itself. "Oh, I thought you wanted Mr. Samuelson himself. Just a moment, I'll put you through to the Scenario Department."

A series of rapid clicks, one of which almost burst my ear-drum; then another voice, also female, but brusque to the point of incivility: "Script editor speaking."

"I have a story that might interest Mr. Samuelson. I believe he's looking for one."

"The department's always looking for stories. Just send in a preliminary outline, typed, on a postcard. That will be sufficient for us to judge. If it shows promise we'll get in touch with you in due course. Good-bye."

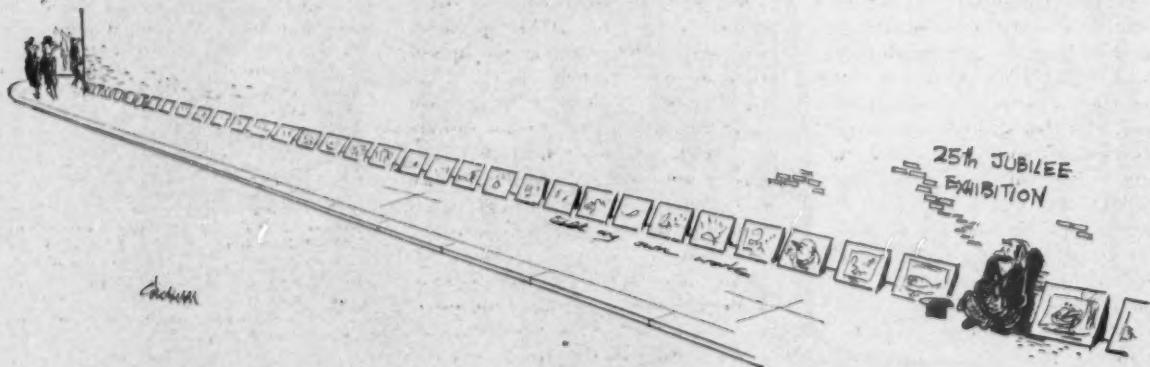
"Wait a second," I said; "this is a full shooting-script."

"Haven't time to read 'em, I'm afraid, unless you're somebody frightfully well known. What d'you say your name . . .? MacLaren-Ross? Oh. Well, outline, synopsis, skeleton-treatment, full story-treatment, master-scene, that's the procedure. Shooting-script prepared by the director himself, if and when appointed. Not an original, is it?"

"Yes."

"Originals considered only when submitted through a recognized and reputable agency. Inflexible company rule. Sorry."

"But I've just read an article saying Mr. Samuelson's desperate for stuff."



"Publicity Department's pigeon, that: not mine. Good-bye."

The receiver clicked down decisively. I waited a minute for my annoyance to abate before dialling my second string: the Household Word. In the article signed by him his ready accessibility had been strongly emphasized: in frequent interviews that I'd read, this quality had also been stressed, together with insistent references to the lack of formality characteristic of him. I was certain that, in his own interests, he would listen to reason. Recalling my experience with editors, I foresaw already the invitation to lunch, the post-prandial rounds of cognac, the story retailed in synopsis over the coffee: "Yes, that sounds the stuff, old boy. Just push it along and we'll get it done. As for the fee . . ."

"I don't," I said, "want to speak to his secretary, nor to the script-department, but to HIM in person. Is that clear?"

"Half a tick, sir. I'll connect you right away . . ."

"HIS personal secretary speaking." (Female, undoubtedly, but dulcet and soothing this time. Dressed for a cert in something clinging and soft.) "Can I help you at all?"

"By putting me on to HIM," I said implacably.

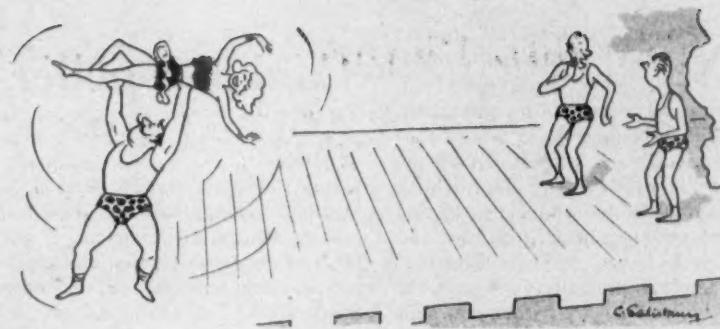
"HE's out just at present, and I'm not sure HE'll be back this afternoon. But I can give you HIS private number at home; if you ring about seven you're sure to get HIM . . ."

On the stroke of seven I was again spinning the dial. A deep contralto answered: "HIS personal secretary speaking."

"Surely not the one I talked to this afternoon?"

"Oh no. That would be Miss Sims at the office. I'm HIS *home* secretary, so to speak." (A low, gurgling laugh.) "Unfortunately HE's left for the week-end. If you could give me a message . . . oh, a *story!* But that's wonderful, the poor lamb doesn't know which way to turn for one. Best thing you can do is to write HIM a letter, and I'm sure HE'll ring you back Tuesday morning . . . yes, I'll see HE gets it directly HE comes in."

But on Tuesday my telephone did not ring at all. Nor on Wednesday or Thursday. On Friday I rang the dulcet voice at the office. "I'm afraid HE



"Watch out for his faster one!"

is week-ending in Paris . . . No reply to your letter? But that's most extraordinary . . . very unlike HIM indeed. Perhaps it never got there at all: lost in the post . . . most unreliable, the mails, nowadays. If you care to write again, though, and bring it down by hand, I can guarantee HE'll have it first thing on Wednesday when HE returns . . . Oh, you *will*? That's *very* kind: I do apologize for the trouble you've been put to . . ."

So once again I shoved it all down on paper: the names of the books I'd written, my documentary experience, agreement with the views expressed in HIS article, request for a brief interview; and enclosed the letter with a copy of my script, for which I obtained a receipt from the commissionaire: HIS secretary being out to lunch at the time of delivery.

No immediate reply came to that either. Meanwhile, in the columns of the ciné-weekly, Mr. Samuelson continued to tear his hair for lack of stories; I wrote to the staff-reporter relating my own experience, but received no acknowledgment; then to the editor of the paper, with similar result. Instead, another article by HIM appeared, expressing HIS grief that the appeal HE made to writers had met with so singular a lack of response; I telephoned the office and was told by an entirely new secretary—who denied all knowledge of my letter and typescript—that her employer was away on a pleasure-cruise and not expected to return for several weeks.

Three months later a bulky package was delivered to me, wrongly addressed and re-forwarded at least twice through the dead-letter office. Inside was my script, removed from its spring-binder,

roughly tied together with tape, and stained abundantly with tea and lipstick, accompanied by a typewritten note as follows:

DEAR MR. McCALLUM ROSE.—We are returning herewith your script which, addressed erroneously to HIM, eventually found its way to this Department. We regret that HE is too busy personally to read scenarios submitted by unknown authors, even in the rare event of these being recommended by a recognized literary agent; and though, in our opinion, your script shows ability above the average, we are not only provided with material sufficient for some time to come, but HIS personal preference is for works whose popular appeal has already been demonstrated by their circulation in volume form, rather than for plays written specially for the screen, whose chances of success would necessarily be of a problematical nature.

Yours very truly  
ISOLA VAN DEN BOSSCHE  
(President, Scenario Selection Board)

2 2

#### Precept and Practice

Birmingham members of the Society for Individual Freedom are bidden to their branch's sixth annual dinner on March 19 when, according to an uncompromising passage in the circulated announcement, "Full Evening Dress will be Worn."

2 2

"A flashing beacon may be a boon to pedestrians and a guide to motorists, but to Mr. John Chapman, of 35 London Road, Southborough, it means sleepless nights.

He has written to Southborough Council saying that the beacons at the Holden Road crossing shine into his bedroom and interfere with his sleep."

*Kent and Sussex Courier*

He could count zebras.

"**N**O ice skating till further notice," said the placards at Harringay. An ice-cold light, nevertheless, poured down on the arena. Spry-like bouquets of hot-house flowers, cool as cucumbers, graced the platform, which was draped with bunting, dark-blue and light—uniting Oxford and Cambridge, Harrow and Eton, the Ocean and the Heavens, according to prejudice. A rostrum stood before an ivory harmonium, and behind it, rising in ranks to the rafters, sat an earthly choir of a thousand voices, its female members arrayed in heavenly white. The show, it seemed, was to be Salvation on Ice.

From the richness of her superior resources, America is now dispensing

## Cool Gospeller

BY LORD KINROSS

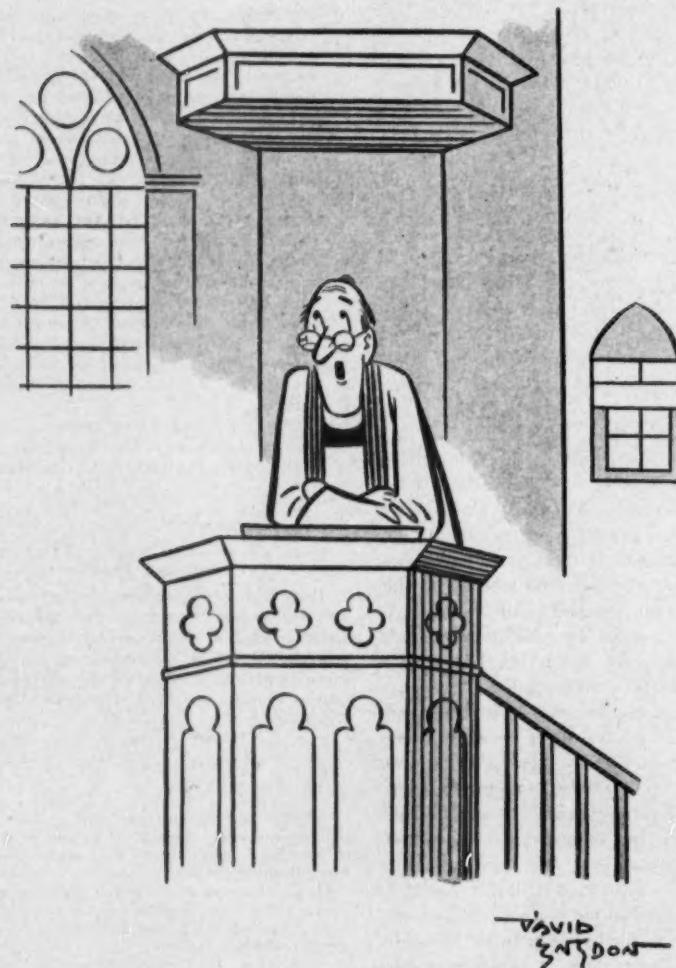
to the world not merely material but Spiritual Aid, and here was the setting for an inaugural instalment. Billy Graham was preceded, appropriately, by two American senators. "In the United States Senate," it was explained, "we have hundreds of men who are Souls"; and here evidently were two of them, from New Hants and Missouri respectively. Their appearance was brief, since they had another appointment, hence could not, alas! await Salvation. But we were told how, in the United

States Senate, the Bible was consulted as a prelude to the debates on Wednesdays.

A British major-general then gave thanks for "our servants from America." The G.B.S. of the Crusade, George Beverly Shea, crooned seductively into the microphone. Cliff Barrows, a Gospel Song Leader with a charming smile and a cheerful tie, roused the choir, and some of the audience, eleven thousand strong, to the fervent strains of a hymn, called not a hymn but a "Song of the Church," and sung from a Crusading song-book with a Horse Guards trooper on the cover. For a later entertainment we were promised "The only Presbyterian I know in the world that has a guitar," Mr. Texas ("God made me a movie star"), and Roy Rogers, the cowboy, with Trigger, his horse.

Meanwhile the time was ripe for the Evangelist to come on. He strode briskly to the rostrum, clean-limbed, fair-haired, with clear-cut features and a well-cut suit, brandishing a limp-bound Bible, making well-rehearsed gestures within the rigid orbit of the TV camera angle, talking loudly and resonantly and believing sincerely in the value of the wares he was trying to sell. Applause, it had been explained, was for the Lord alone, but Billy might be applauded just this once, and the audience obediently clapped. He gave thanks for the Press ("We've never had this many news people before . . . It's a long time since God was front page news"), and some of the audience clapped again. He gave thanks for the Executive Committee—the major-general, the bishop, the M.P., the business men—who had "planned and worked and prayed" to make the evening, and six weeks of subsequent evenings, a success, at a cost of £100,000 (half in dollars).

Eventually Billy Graham was launched on his text: the need for humility among the leaders of the western world, recently stressed by President Eisenhower (but not, presumably, by Senator McCarthy); the evils of materialism and secularism, from which American Aid can redeem it. Church folk and chapel folk, other folk too, looking humble and godly, listened earnestly while Billy, with calculated eloquence, did his best, in the name of a jealous Jehovah, to arouse their English sense of guilt.



"I'm no Billy Graham . . ."

This peace-loving Evangelist brings not Peace but the Radio. On his breast is not a Cross but a "lapel-microphone," like a platinum tie-pin. (A devotee, he remarks laughingly, once asked his wife: "Is that special electrical appliance to give your husband special power?") "No emotion" is his watchword. No fireside chatter, either. Through a babel of loud-speakers, one echoing the other and both echoed in the rafters by a twittering as of birds, his message, canned and mass-distributed, bludgeons his audience. Words and phrases are rapped out loudly like the mechanical tattoo of a machine-gun: "Does God matter? . . . God knows you, sees you, watches you . . . God does not change . . . You've lost contact with God . . . You need God . . . God will bless you, you and you and you and YOU and YOU . . ."

To-night his main parable was drawn, appropriately, from the heavens, but from an experience of air travel denied to all but a few of his bus-bound audience. It happened one night above the Rockies, at 17,000 feet, when the radio blew out, the pilot did not know his location, and until it was repaired the pilot just flew round and round and round. "Round and round," Billy presumed, "like so many of you here, in the drudgery and monotony of life."

Eyes closed, heads bowed, according to directions, but ears still awake to the noise, those ready to come were invited to advance to the front of the arena. Hesitantly, some did so; then more, of



"It's rather odd that both umpires should have suddenly contracted pneumonia."



ROY DAVIS

whom most wore the "Counsellor's" badge of the Greater London Crusade. "Aisle captains" discreetly beckoned up more still, and companions joined them. Presently some three hundred penitents stood where the Press had stood, and were then led from the arena to the Counselling Room, outside. Before dealing with them the Evangelist gave final directions to the remaining ten thousand seven hundred. If they meant business, let them carefully plan their skedule—"or 'schedule,'" he added tolerantly, "or whatever you call it." Let them come to the arena each weekday evening, "putting aside" (unlike the two senators) "other appointments."

But on Sunday, instead, "Let's pack the churches."

Craving peace and quiet, kindly lights, personal contact, the sound of the human voice and a touch of thoughtful Christian philosophy, they may well do so. Salvation, in short, off the ice.

    2    2

"The cast reads like a Society address book. There is Lady Annabel Stewart, rehearsing yesterday. The play is presented by Mr. Billy Wallace . . . Lord Porchester has a part. 'The Frogs,' by Edgar Wallace will be staged at London's Scala Theatre in June."—*Daily Mail*

And then Aristophanes' *The Ringer?*

## The Barmaid

**A** BARMAID is a lovesome thing, God wot.  
Some wear their blouses low, and some do not.  
Mine own is robed in black from throat to wrist,  
And on her bosom glows an amethyst.

I've leant against her bar for several years,  
And watched the tasselled jewels in her ears.  
To comfort me this vision never fails.  
My lady's bower is called "The Prince of Wales."

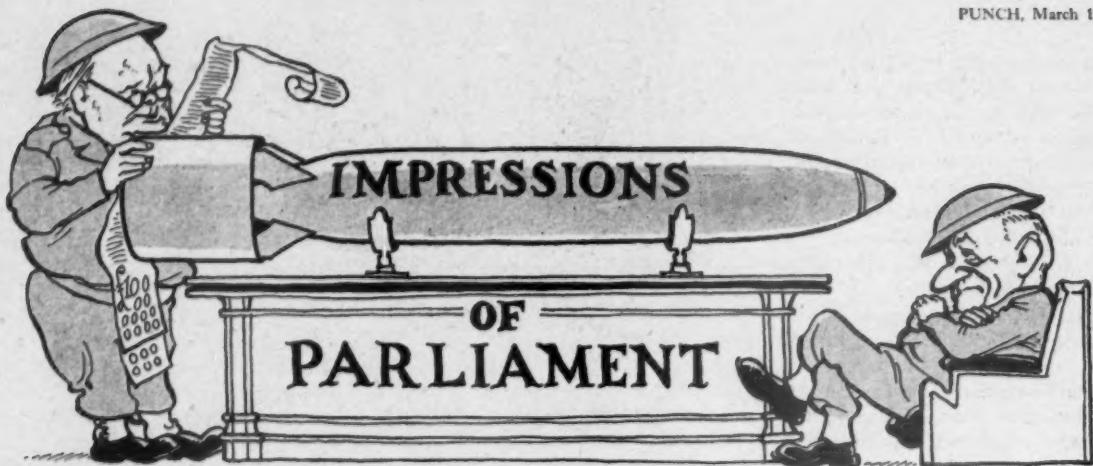
The bottles, that behind her head abide,  
Gleam brighter than the stars of heaven outside;  
And yet I think my lady's cheeks do shine,  
More brightly than her earrings or her wine.

Suppose the roses there are not her own,  
Or that they are enhanced by pumice-stone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why then I will adore her more than ever,  
For deeming that I merit such endeavour.

R. A. B. MICHELL

**Monday, March 1**

It is no doubt to his association with the Coronation that Sir DAVID ECCLES

**House of Commons:** owes that inimitably aristocratic House of Commons: Science Friction grace. The sub-

ject-matter of his speech moving the second reading of the Atomic Energy Authority Bill seemed to call for a space-suit and a few brusque gestures with a sonic beam-gun; but no, the lounge-suit was impeccable, the voice sleek with the attitudes of Algernon Moncrieff rather than Algernon Blackwood as it rose and fell in polished periods about breeder-reactors encased in steel domes and atomic weapons too horrible ever to use.

The Opposition, however, declined to be blinded with science. All they saw was atomic power being removed from the ambit of the Ministry of Supply and given to a corporation that would be responsible to a peer for its parliamentary connection, and a peer at that who had no direct representative in the Commons. So they moved an amendment in the traditional phrase, as courtly as any of Sir DAVID's, that the Bill be read this day six months, i.e. never. Mr. EDELMAN called the Bill a "take-over bid for the going concern of atomic power," which made a nice change from calling it a somebody-or-other's charter.

**Tuesday, March 2**

Earl DE LA WARR told their Lordships that their television licences would

**House of Lords:** cost them three More for Television pounds a year

**House of Commons:** after June 1.

The Exchequer's share of the takings was to be proportionately reduced, and out of it three-quarters of a million pounds a year was to go to the subsidy of the new

competitive television authority. Lord ALEXANDER OF HILLSBOROUGH observed that because he couldn't think of the appropriate comment just then, the Government needn't think that he wasn't going to think of it later on. Nothing daunted, the noble Earl went off to the Peers' Gallery in Another Place (already full of amateurs and practitioners of defence) to hear Mr. DAVID GAMMANS make the same announcement.

The Opposition gave Mr. NIGEL BIRCH a rough time when he introduced the defence estimates. Mr. BIRCH had clearly burned a good deal of midnight oil in composing a literary speech, but had not thereafter committed it to memory: "There's a book by Professor

Hugh Seton-Watson," he said towards the end, "called *The Pattern of the Communist Revolution*," and "Are you going to read it out to us?" asked Colonel WIGG. The Opposition's main complaint was that the defence debate was no place to spring unprepared on the House details of the Government's pay and pensions increases; and that the Government were spending too much on conventional warfare that the atom would soon make unnecessary.

Mr. SHINWELL became involved in a series of Dutch auctions. The first was over the reduction of national service, when, in a dialogue with Sir WINSTON (who was in first-class form), he reduced his abstract demand for an inquiry into manpower to a concrete demand for a three-or-four-month reduction of the term. Then there were the delightful guessing-games with Mr. HEAD—first class television material—in which Mr. SHINWELL guessed at the strength of a foreign garrison and put the figure up or down according as the War Minister shook or nodded his head, until finally he had achieved the real number. "The astonishing thing," said Sir WINSTON, when Mr. SHINWELL had estimated twenty-five thousand men in the "pipeline" and forgotten to allow for the fact that shorter national service would increase this number, "is that the right hon. gentleman is so ignorant upon these simple points."

"Every man," said Dr. Johnson, "thinks meanly of himself for never having been a soldier, or never having been at sea," or, he might have added, for not intervening in the debates on the Service estimates. At last Mr. ATTLEE wound up for the Opposition in a bleak but telling speech that began with a rebuke to the Government for allowing Mr. BIRCH to introduce the estimates and ended with a round condemnation



of the White Paper. Sir WINSTON, obviously enjoying his job, summed up for the Government with a forceful survey of our military commitments (including a well-merited bouquet for General Gruenthal), and a plea to the Opposition not to divide the House lest they lower Britain's prestige among the other nations involved in the fight against totalitarianism. The Opposition compromised; they did not divide on the main issue, but they did on the amendment, which was negatived by 295 votes to 270.

#### Wednesday, March 3

Mr. EDEN told the Commons about the riots that marked General Neguib's

**House of Commons : Statement Counter Statement**

visit to Khar-toum for the opening of the Sudanese Parliament. Without mentioning any names, he made it clear whom he meant when he laid the blame on those who had "raised the emotional temperature" of the Sudan. Mr. MORRISON announced the Opposition's "general agreement," and for once no one was found from the Lunatic Left to suggest that the killing of a British officer engaged in protecting Egyptian politicians from the murderous attacks they had themselves incited was really the fault of Mr. LYTTELTON and ought to be visited with a court-martial somewhere.

Next in was Mr. GAMMANS, with his bad news about the cost of telegrams. By an adroit feat of party politics, Mr. NESS EDWARDS turned this into a class issue, cheap telegrams being, it seems, a necessary feature of the Welfare State. Then a storm blew up: Mr. GAMMANS said his proposals had been seen and approved by the Post Office Advisory Committee, and Mr. NESS EDWARDS said flatly that they hadn't. The game of you're-a-liar you're-another went on amid shouts of



"Shocking!" and "Withdraw!" from alternate sides until Mr. W. R. WILLIAMS tried the effect of moving the immediate adjournment of the House under Standing Order No. 9. The Speaker would have none of this; but he pointed out that the argument could be continued when the House discussed the legislation necessary to bring in the new charges.

Finally, Mr. JOHN FOSTER gave a sober account of the dubious story of the compact with "General China." Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY thought that the credit for this remarkable business ought to go to him—all the more reason for suspecting its wisdom.

Mr. GAITSKELL then launched the House into a debate upon the industrial situation.

#### Thursday, March 4

There was a pretty thin House to hear Mr. GEORGE WARD present the air esti-

**House of Commons : The Talk Barrier**

mates. Members perhaps felt that having survived the broad outline picture painted for them by Mr. BIRCH, they were not

called upon to hear the details filled in by the various Service Ministers. Mr. WARD (battling against incipient throat trouble) had, however, an interesting story to tell, which included aircraft that had surmounted the "sound barrier" only to run up against the "heat barrier," and atomic weapons included in the estimates for the first time in our history.

Mr. ATTLEE, who on Tuesday had complained that we were spending too much on conventional armaments when the atom overshadowed all future warfare, was not present to hear Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON decry the Government policy of hurrying on the atom-carrying bombers at the expense of the H.E.-carrying Washingtons and Lincolns, on the wise ground that "atomic superiority had not stopped Korea." (He might have included Malaya, Kenya and Indo-China in his reasoning too.) Later, however—much later—the same divergence of opinion was shown between Mr. STRACHEY (pro-atom) and Mr. CROSSMAN (anti-atom). The debate dragged on until the rosy-fingered dawn had risen over Westminster, despite Colonel WIGG's praiseworthy attempt to have the House counted out just after midnight, and Captain CROOKSHANK's motion to "report progress" at four, which was foiled by a plague of Benavites.

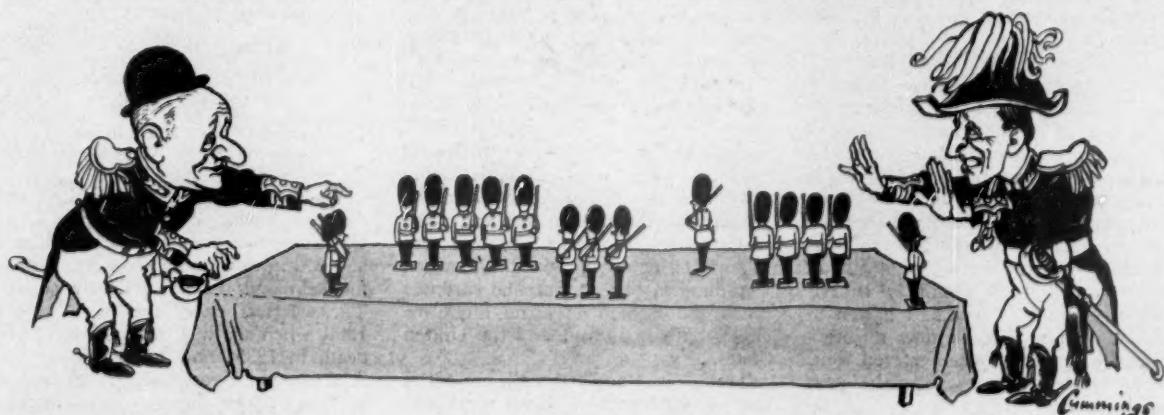
#### Friday, March 5

After the night-long activities that had ceased so little time before, it could hardly be ex-

**House of Commons : Irish Linen**

pected that Captain ORR could command any great reserves of enthusiasm from the House for his motion about purchase tax and the Ulster linen industry. Such interest as he raised with his luminous advocacy was soon lulled again by Mr. MONTGOMERY HYDE.

B. A. YOUNG





# CRITICISM

## BOOKING OFFICE

mr e e cummings

**i : six nonlectures by e e cummings.**  
Harvard University Press: London, Geoffrey Cumberlege, 24/-

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned Mr. E. E. Cummings, apropos some poems of his that had appeared in *The Golden Horizon*, and suggested he was perhaps insufficiently known in this country. His name comes up again in connection with this series of "non-lectures," which he gave at Harvard in 1952-53. He also figures in the Penguin Book of *Modern American Verse*, edited by Mr. Geoffrey Moore, which has just appeared: incidentally, an excellent survey of the subject with biographical notes on the poets there included.

Mr. Cummings, poet and painter, was born in 1894, the year before Mr. Robert Graves, who wrote an introduction to *The Enormous Room*, the first E. E. Cummings work to be published in England. In spite of many differences between them, Graves and Cummings might be considered somewhat comparable literary figures. Both, for example, made their original impact by a book bitterly critical of certain aspects of the 1914/18 war, yet at the same time not in the least pacifist in tone; both are poets who lay considerable emphasis on the trimmings of poetry, such matters as typography and punctuation; both are intense individualists in an art that has, of recent years especially, sought strength in herding together in small groups.

In the first world war that vast, amorphous entity known as "security" was treated in such a comparatively light-hearted manner that the theme of *The Enormous Room* seemed infinitely strange when it appeared in America in 1922 and over here six years later. After the second world war we are more used to such situations, but the book remains in its way a classic, not only of observation but of genuinely experimental writing; by which, I hasten to add, I do not mean a flow of near-gibberish, which, when sorted out, expresses merely banalities of the most tedious sort.

Mr. Cummings had volunteered in an American Ambulance unit in France. A friend of his in the unit had written some indiscreet letters home. As a result both of them were placed by the French authorities in a concentration camp—the "enormous room"—for suspected persons, mostly harmless, pathetic oddities whom the writer describes with consummate skill and an extraordinary mixture of violence,



point of view. He quotes in full some of his favourite poems, which include the chorus from *Atalanta in Calydon* and the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. He gives some account of his own childhood and family background, together with excerpts from his work. It is an "aesthetic self-portrait of one whole half (the writing half) of this and no other indivisible ignoramus As Is."

For those who do not know Mr. Cummings already, I do not recommend beginning on the "nonlectures." In the first place, lectures—and consequently "nonlectures" even more so—require the voice of the deliverer—or in this case "nondeliverer." In addition to that, Mr. Cummings, asserting with great truth that he and everybody else is "innately and inescapably egocentric," has allowed himself full play with all his idiosyncrasies in the way of double-negatives and unexpected use (if one may relapse into typographical vocabulary) of "upper and lower case." This is an endearing habit to those who revere the 'twenties when, for some reason, capital letters were so often cold-shouldered, but may be less acceptable to a quote younger generation unquote—as Mr. Cummings himself would say.

However, for those who enjoy Mr. Cummings already, there is much of interest in the "nonlectures." Others are recommended to get hold of *The Enormous Room*, and if they read poetry, to move on to the books of verse, where they will find phrases like "my father moved through dooms of love" and "anyone lived in a pretty how town."

ANTHONY POWELL



humour and moving comment. To anyone at all familiar with official administration, the astonishing thing is how quickly Mr. Cummings' friends got him out again—the episode took about three months—but it was long enough to produce this intensely concentrated work which is usually styled, for some inexplicable reason, a novel.

Since *The Enormous Room* Mr. Cummings has published a number of books of verse. His other writings include the diary of his visit to Russia in 1931. This work, *Eimi*, is highly critical of the Soviet Union from an intellectual, rather than political, point of view. It made Mr. Cummings very unpopular, appearing, as it did, when Communism of a sentimental sort was much the fashion in some highbrow circles both in Europe and the United States.

These six "nonlectures" present a kind of statement of Mr. Cummings'

## Family Gossip

**The Letters of Sara Hutchinson.** Edited by Kathleen Coburn. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £2 2s 0d

Wordsworth's sister-in-law and devoted scribe, and the "Asra" of Coleridge, Sara was the unmarried aunt and cousin to whom a large clan turned for help and the latest family gossip. These letters cover the period from 1800, when she was twenty-five, to her death in 1835; now published for the first time, and very usefully annotated by Miss Coburn, they give us fascinating

glimpses of Wordsworth's household, the Lakeland community and late Georgian life in remote England.

From them emerges a practical woman, impatient but warm-hearted, of immense energy, who wrote wittily in a pleasing jumble of facts and personalities. The Arnolds, with whom she stays at Rugby, are known as the Tarts. Coleridge, De Quincey and Lamb crop up frequently; Byron, Scott and Mrs. Hemans are not approved, nor is "little Keats." Sara delighted in the stream of visitors that made the Wordsworth's house "more like an inn." Her telephone bill would have been enormous.

E. O. D. K.

**The Harrowing of Hubertus.** Edgar Mittelholzer. *Secker and Warburg*, 15/-

This is a sequel to *Children of Kaywana* and continues the vast family chronicle about British Guiana from 1763 to 1802. Anybody who enjoyed that odd mixture of slave rebellions, intermarriage, sex, philosophy and natural description will enjoy this lighter successor, though even so some of the many names will depend for their effect on their evocations of the earlier book. The disease of the sage-writer, family-gossip, has attacked Mr. Mittelholzer, and the marriage and parenthood of remote kinsmen are mentioned because the family tree is more real and living to him than it can ever be to the reader.

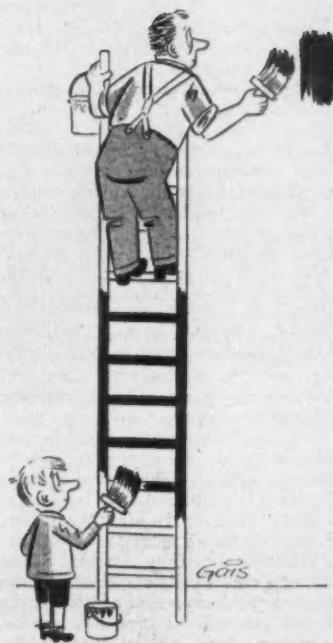
However, Mr. Mittelholzer is a deeply serious artist with views on religion and heredity, as well as an innate sympathy with racial differences and resemblances. Hubertus, the mixture of Dutch and Indian, hypocrite and confessor, is always half-fascinated by his bad, perverse blood, half-determined always to choose the harder, more profitable, more rigid morality. Among innumerable other virtues the novel illuminates several problems in modern colonial practice.

R. G. G. P.

**The Woman with No Past.** Serge Groussard. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6

Under the title *La Femme Sans Passé* Mr. Groussard's novel, which is set on a Seine barge, won the Prix Femina, among the least disreputable of French literary prizes. Agreeably translated by Daphne Woodward, it is, in fact, a pleasant enough essay in the Simenon manner. A well-to-do woman of attractive appearance and lusty appetites accidentally kills her husband when surprised in the arms of her lover, and, more out of native curiosity than a desire to escape justice, takes refuge on a motor-barge on its way to Paris.

The bulk of the book concerns the ambivalent relationships set up between the woman, Mado, and the two bargemen Malard and Jean-Jean. The first loves her and the second desires her. The woman, in truth, has little real identity, largely because it is only towards the end of the novel that the author properly reveals who she is and what she has done.



The canal landscapes are vividly described, however, and the real merit of *The Woman with No Past* lies in its skilful handling of the technical details of barge life.

A. R.

**Four Guineas. A Journey through West Africa.** Elspeth Huxley. *Chatto and Windus*, 21/-

Until recently most of us were appallingly ignorant of conditions in East Africa, and our ignorance and its manifestations must be accounted a chief cause of native unrest and insurrection. But the whole of Africa is socially and politically volcanic, and we may have little time to relieve dangerous underground pressure in the *Four Guineas* of Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast and Nigeria. For this reason Mrs. Huxley's book is immensely important.

It offers no easy solution (there is none), shirks no unpleasant or horrific details (there are many), and leaves the reader desperately anxious (as he should be) to strengthen and support the handful of officials and traders who have for so long shouldered the white man's burden. In Freetown, which is administered wholly by Creole descendants of "351 assorted Negroes freed by Lord Mansfield's famous anti-slavery decision and sixty shanghaied Plymouth prostitutes," we encounter one of hundreds of African brands of Communism. "We have no

objection to private property," says a newspaper man. "But in an African household, anyone who comes can share the family meal." "Marx," as Mrs. Huxley points out, "would find Africa full of surprises."

A. B. H.

**The Paintings of J. A. D. Ingres.** Georges Wildenstein. *Phaidon Press*, £2 15s.

A typical more than generous Phaidon production. Introduction by the renowned dealer M. Georges Wildenstein, with a biographical synopsis of Ingres (1780-1867), and the first catalogue raisonné of his work for a hundred years. Many reproductions cover the large field of historical and mythological subject pictures, odalisques and portraiture. Among the last are some of his finest masterpieces, depicting stately, noble men, and sumptuous, rich ladies; in these Ingres sought to emulate his hero Raphael. He won many prizes, and incurred much criticism.

Compared to his rival, Delacroix, his passion was cold and his colour subdued. Baudelaire commented at the time that his horses—in "the apotheosis of Napoleon," Plate 100—"appeared to be of some hard polished material," and later Sickert's likening his mass of nudes, in the "Bain Turc" in the Louvre, to macaroni would have hardly been more pleasing to the formidable "Monsieur Ingres with whom one did not trifl." He was, however, a master. Included are some drawings in pencil—which that most revealing medium—which give further proof of his supreme gift.

A. M. D.

## AT THE PLAY

*I Capture the Castle*  
(ALDWYCH)

*Blood Wedding* (ARTS)

THAT DODIE SMITH is out of form in *I Capture the Castle* is due no doubt to the affection of an author for her own novel. The book has won at the expense of the play, which is a terribly bitty affair, broken up into innumerable short scenes fading out as in the cinema; and the resemblance to a film-script goes even closer, for music covers the fades and slabs of the heroine's journal are read through a microphone to provide still further bridges on our rambling and often trivial journey. A large number of characters trail along arbitrarily, very few of them alive. Even GEORGE RELPH, that master of the eccentric, cannot get much from the waterish part of an absent-minded writer. Miss SMITH, who knows very well how to wind up a spring, has provided only a wandering chronicle, mildly diverting in places but undramatic and novelettish. The romantic rescue by rich Americans of a penniless family clinging to a castle is simply too good to be true.

But for VIRGINIA MCKENNA the evening would have been a great deal duller. On the stage almost continuously, she has to pass from bright adolescence to the firm grown-up decisions of a woman in love, and she does it very cleverly, with a judgment that weathers tactfully more than a tincture of whimsy. She is ready now for something that will take her deeper. GEORGINA COOKSON also adds to her reputation in the small part of a warm-hearted and fatuous artist's model. Among the men—where RICHARD GREENE, playing No. 1 for America, is given very little—CYRIL LUCKHAM is the only point of interest, as a vicar for once not a libel on the Church. The brief scene in which he modestly discusses God with VIRGINIA MCKENNA is by far the best written in the play.

But even though fogged by a literary blueprint Miss SMITH can still pull out with deadly accuracy the observations of family manners which are her special talent. When the small boy, giving his sister a book on her birthday, says "I haven't wrapped it up because I'm still in the middle of it," we are all in the dock together.

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA was a young poet whose plays were beginning to be important when he was killed in the Spanish Civil War. He mixed passion of the most fiery and realistic quality with the kind of symbolism popular with the bright boys twenty years ago, and now, I am rather glad to say, out of fashion.

At once down to earth and up to heaven, his work is as hard to stage as surely it must be to translate. I don't know how much of *Blood Wedding* has been lost by RICHARD L. O'CONNELL and JAMES GRAHAM-LUJAN, but at times the play gathers a haunting force.

On the lower level it is a stark story of Andalusian peasants: a blood-feud, a wedding, the discovery by the bride and her earlier lover that they are inseparable, a savage hunt to the death, followed by renewed tragedy for the village women, who are often used as a poetic chorus. Although grimly fatalistic, all this is not without humour; for instance, the delicious embarrassment of the old farmer arranging his daughter's marriage settlement and torn painfully between social apprehension and his craving for land, a dilemma tellingly expressed by LIONEL JEFFRIES.

The upper level is very odd. It reaches its peak in an extraordinarily eerie scene in which a woodcutter, having powers over the moon and seeming to feel all the agonies of mankind, conducts a symphony of animated trees punctuated by a vampire witch. Here PETER HALL's sensitive production becomes extremely imaginative. Whether you like symbolism or not he makes it theatrically exciting, and the play leaves the impression of being by a poet good enough to give new lyrical force to one of the oldest village plots. BEATRIX LEHMANN is on home ground with the darkly bitter mother, NICHOLAS AMER suggests the hopes and anguish of

the bridegroom, and the lovers are well played by ROSALIND BOXALL and ALEC MANGO.

#### Recommended

*Coriolanus* (Old Vic), sound and vigorous. Charles Morgan's *The Burning Glass* (Apollo) has a topical theme and a notable second act. Fans of honest music-hall should see Sally Barnes in *You'll Be Lucky* (Adelphi).

ERIC KEOWN



#### AT THE PICTURES

*The "Maggie"—Hobson's Choice*

MY immediate feeling about *The Maggie* (Director: ALEXANDER MACKENDRICK) was that Ealing Studios had got back to something like their original form—their form, I mean, at the time five or six years ago when the Ealing trademark first began to impress itself on the mind of a public hitherto accustomed to say, about any film whatever, merely "Who's in it?" Those were the best days; later, the Ealing outfit seemed to show an increasing tendency to rely on and over-emphasize certain tricks of narrative and dialogue that could be easily repeated to the shrieking amusement of people who had laughed at them before.

The "Maggie" goes back to the mood of *Whisky Galore* (same director): a quite simple story, full of character, very agreeably done without any formula-tricks at all. *The Maggie* is a "puffer," a little Glasgow cargo-boat which is in danger of being condemned when a lucky misunderstanding gives her a valuable load belonging to an American. The skipper is determined to make the most of it and defeat the American's efforts to correct the mistake, and the film is largely an account of what might be called the running fight between them.

The owner's English representative (HUBERT GREGG) does his best, but is easily and ridiculously disposed of: the American himself takes over the pursuit, and at last contrives to get on board. But even then, what with one thing and another, the skipper and crew of the "Maggie" defeat him; and at the end—well, perhaps his final capitulation (when the cargo is lost, uninsured, but he is still moved to pay them the fee for delivering it) is rather a lot to believe, on second thoughts. But PAUL DOUGLAS so well shows the development of the American's grudging sympathy for the exasperating old skipper MacTaggart (ALEX MACKENZIE) that even this seems credible enough at the time. I found the whole thing enjoyable, and it surprises me to see a sharp division of opinion in published comment.

*Hobson's Choice* (Director: DAVID LEAN) has been made into a good film, but nothing can hide the fact that it is basically, essentially, in grain, dyed-in-the-wool theatre. And certainly CHARLES



Cassandra Mortmain—MISS VIRGINIA MCKENNA

James Mortmain—MR. GEORGE RELPH



*The Wee Boy*—TOMMY KEARNS

*The Puffer Skipper*—ALEXANDER MACKENZIE  
Marshall—PAUL DOUGLAS

(The "Maggie")

LAUGHTON's exuberant performance as Hobson goes no way at all towards hiding it.

There is a quality hard to explain about what is called "theatre," a quality that makes itself felt, as in this instance, even through a different medium. It has something to do with the assumption of the presence of an audience, the understanding that the dramatist and the audience are sharing a joke to their mutual satisfaction, a kind of consciousness of artificiality, an implied wink . . . No, it's impossible to express in a few words. The fact remains that one feels it in *Hobson's Choice*; the question is whether one minds.

One needn't mind. HAROLD BRIGGS' play makes a very entertaining picture. As the roaring, bullying old Lancashire bootmaker Mr. LAUGHTON has a field day, BRENDA DE BANZIE is excellent in a quieter key as his dominating eldest daughter, JOHN MILLS has a rare chance to be both comic and touching as the diffident workman she insists on marrying. And the visual interest is constant. The Salford street scenes have the oddity of nineteenth-century postcard views in motion; but apart from that kind of effect, and far more often, there is admirable designing with light and shade. Essentially theatre it may be, but in detail it pleases as a film should.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Survey**

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another new one is *Hondo*, a Western that might seem unusually good if we hadn't seen *Shane*. Most impressive film in London: *Le Salaire de la Peur* (24/2/54). *Kiss Me Kate* is a bright version of the stage musical, not improved by 3-D. *The Moon is Blue* (20/1/54) and *M. Hulot's Holiday* (25/11/53) continue.

Releases include *They Who Dare* (17/2/54), story of a war-time raid on a Greek island, better visually and atmospherically than in characterization or dialogue; and *Androcles and the Lion* (28/10/53), scrappy and unsatisfactory but invincibly amusing.

RICHARD MALLETT

### AT THE BALLET



*Martha Graham and Dance Company* (SAVILLE)

*Coppelia* (COVENT GARDEN)

FOR five-and-twenty years Miss MARTHA GRAHAM has exerted a dynamic influence on the American artistic world, particularly that part of it which is orientated towards New York City, where, in an auditorium in an unfashionable quarter, her dance company has drawn a nightly attendance that is as much a congregation of upholders of the cult of "modern" dance, of which she is exponent and prophet, as it is an audience of curious seekers of entertainment. Miss GRAHAM is an American institution. She has kindled glowing admiration in those who have been constant, and inspired irritation and even hostility in others who expected an instant communication of ideas expressed in the dance.

In London for the first time, Miss GRAHAM appears with her company under the impressive, if faintly intimidating, auspices of the B. de Rothschild Foundation for the Arts and Sciences Inc. There is no mistaking the earnestness of her purpose, and one needs to know nothing of the idiom she commands to recognize that an agony of the human spirit is the theme of *Errand into the Maze* in which (with Mr. STUART HODGES for

partner and with music by GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI) she opened her season. A programme-note told of "doing battle with the Creature of Fear," and one's eyes beheld the spiritual conflict in terms of much rolling and writhing on the earth.

Miss GRAHAM was seen again in the third and last item of the bill, *Night Journey*, which is stated to reveal "Jocasta at the moment of her death when she faced and understood the force which had moulded her life." Here, again, doubtless, was a wealth of significant movement, but the beholder knowing nothing of the grammar is frustrated. He is bound to feel himself shut out from the surrealist Temple of Enlightenment. If he happens to have also an unreasoning distaste for bare feet and the garments which go with them, and is embarrassed by what seem to him undignified contortions in the cause of art by a lady of long-standing renown as a leader of culture, he is gravely handicapped. He may easily be betrayed into dismissing the solemn rite as pretentious nonsense, which would, of course, be absurd.

In the gloomy circumstances *Diversion of Angels* comes in the middle with an air of light relief. To music by NORMAN DELLO JOIO barefooted lads and lasses tumble and gambol in the streets of the Heavenly City as imagined by Thomas Traherne. In this, as was fitting, a pattern was occasionally discernible and one's admiration, seeking, like Noah's dove, for a place for the sole of her foot, lighted thankfully on the graceful athleticism of the young company and their ingenious and apparently effortless holds and lifts which momentarily made common ground between Graham-dance and classical ballet.

Nothing could have offered greater contrast than Dame NINETTE DE VALOIS's new production of *Coppelia*. Here were no tormented probing of the heart's darkness but the frank artifice of gaiety, colour, melody and youth. Placed now in the Austrian Tyrol, it has settings and dresses by Mr. OSBERT LANCASTER which are continuously delightful. Dame NINETTE has added some skilful touches and given Franz, danced by Mr. DAVID BLAIR (deservedly promoted from the junior company), a new variation which came off with great style. But the outstanding success was Miss NADIA NERINA's. She made the part of Swanilda completely her own and with enchanting piquancy stepped at once into the front rank of character dancers. Mr. FREDERICK ASHTON's Dr. Coppélius is no pantomime buffoon but an eccentric inventor who truly loves his dolls and is genuinely deceived when Swanilda takes the place of his favourite. He remains a classic figure of fun, but with a strain of pathos added. Two days later, with a change of cast, Miss AVRIL NAVARRE, who had never before danced more than the briefest of solos, scored a sparkling success as Swanilda. C. B. MORTLOCK

## ON THE AIR



*Such Men Are Barking Up the Wrong Tree*

THE scene is the headquarters of the B.B.C. Television Service. The assembled elders are conducting a post-mortem examination of the latest TV flop ...

"Well, there it is, chaps. The critics caned it and the viewer-research findings are dreadful. Only 2·38 per cent found the programme tolerable, and only 3·4 said 'Don't Know.'"

"But why? Frankly I'm baffled. It was excellent television, quite first-rate."

"I agree. The medium was exploited most intelligently. I suppose the content of the programme upset people."

"You mean the lack of viewer-interest?"

"Yes, the high boredom factor."

"But even if it was tedious—and if we're fair we'd all agree that it was—surely there are some people who appreciate good television!"

"Only 2·36 per cent apparently."

"Well, it's most discouraging. I suppose this means we shall have to step up the O.B.s next month and throw in a couple of 'safe' plays in the autumn?"

"Afraid so. Gosh, television! Sometimes I wish I'd never left the Ministry. And yet, you know, it still gets me."

"Me too, in spite of all our setbacks . . ."

I have the greatest admiration for the TV planners. They are dedicated mortals, zealots, missionaries, but they suffer at times (three or four times a week) from the dreadful occupational disease telemania, a morbid condition manifesting itself in an unwholesome preoccupation with the mysteries of the craft. In other words, they have their noses much too near to the screen.



[Such Men Are Dangerous]

Count Paulen (Mr. Stephen Murray) Paul I, Czar of Russia (Mr. Arthur Young) Anna, Baroness Ostermann (Miss Greta Gynt) Stepan (Mr. Andrew Crawford)

As an experienced viewer I believe that television is basically a very simple and straightforward medium, much less complicated than sound radio and less artificial than the stage. Aim the camera at something or somebody interesting and automatically you have interesting television. Outside telecasts, the newsreels and soundly constructed plays seldom fail. Last week we were treated to a "safe" play, Alfred Neumann's *Such Men Are Dangerous*, which was produced and acted with real efficiency. It gave pleasure to millions, but I suspect that the planners took little pride in the achievement: it was entertainment borrowed from the stage and the film, it was not experimental, and it made little use of a patiently accumulated television grammar.

In saying this I hope I am not being unfair. But there must be some reason why viewers find more than half the proffered plays hopelessly dreary, and there must be some reason why the B.B.C. courts criticism when the recipe for success is already well known. Television could have its own company

of actors and a sure-fire catalogue of established dramatic entertainment, yet viewers are fobbed off with new plays so rubbishy that no decent provincial amateur dramatic society would consider them for a moment. Why? Is it because these plays can be labelled "Specially written for television" and because "experimental drama" must be encouraged, whatever the cost? If so, I am afraid the drama department is in for a thin time.

Surely the most sensible way to encourage the production of new drama is to allow the new generation to see as many of the proved successes of the past as possible. The

TV audience is virtually a new market for drama, and properly cultivated this mass market will in time reveal new writers of talent. Let the budding dramatists study their screens (their noses not too close), the techniques of the masters, the limitations and the possibilities of the medium, and good plays "specially written for television" will begin to roll off the typewriters. More solid education (popular classics) and fewer leaps in the dark ("experiments") please!

The *Radio Times* promised us "something of the vintage atmosphere of a don's rooms, where wit and learning weave their tendrils like tropical plants at Kew," but *Conversation Piece*, from the rooms of Nevill Coghill, turned out to be a formal discussion (with carefully contrived "noises off") in which the speakers, Lord David Cecil, John Betjeman, A. L. Rowse and mine host, plugged the virtues of Oxford with relentless earnestness. The quartet was clearly thrown off balance by the cameras. All the same the programme made its mark. —Interesting people: interesting television.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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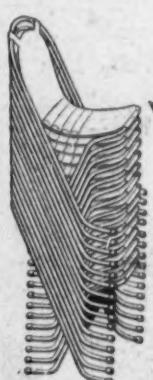
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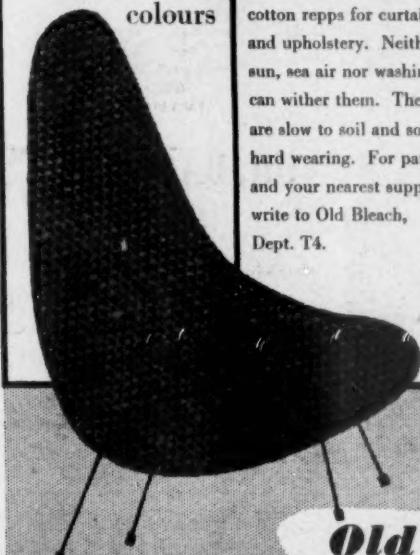
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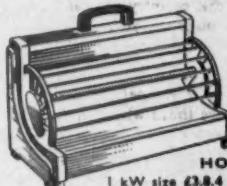
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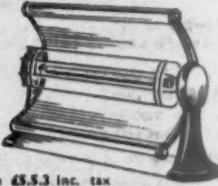
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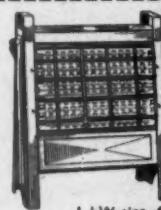
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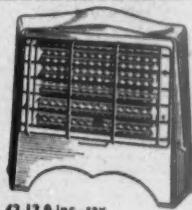
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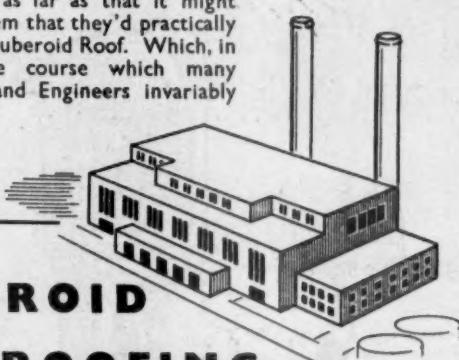
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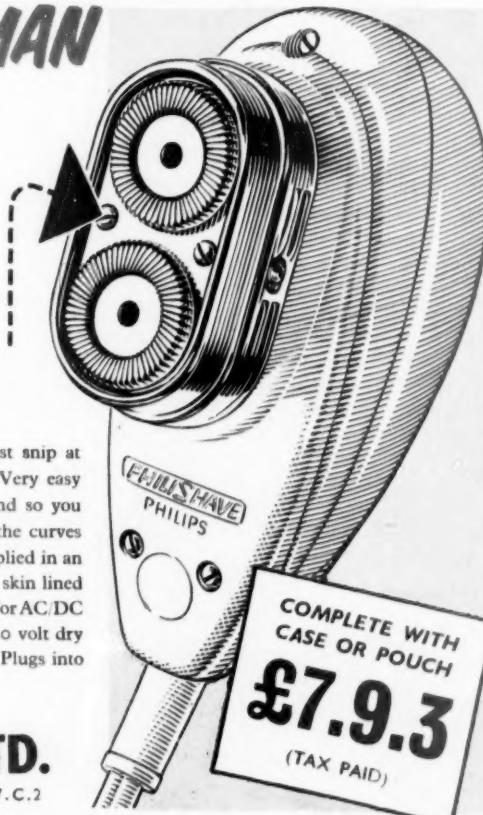
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